The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

May 1978

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HEAVY METAL

IND 36587

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

ANIMAL HOUSE

A comedy from Universal Pictures that will escape sometime this summer.

Starring: John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce,
and Donald Sutherland as "Jennings"
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CHAIN MAIL

Sirs:

Having seen the first two chapters of Gray Morrow's "Orion" in a fanzine with a copyright date of 1975, thus implying it has long since been completed, I would like to know why you felt it necessary, in "...Subsequently...." *HM* #10, to give the impression it was unfinished till sometime in 1977.

Puzzled,
Gary Davis
Portland, Oregon

Dear Gary: "Orion" isn't finished yet, and if Gray knows how it turns out, he's not telling. True, the first two chapters were published—in black and white—in Wizard, *wasn't it? But nobody was smart or crazy enough to finance Gray's completion of the story. Until us. – Eds.*

Editors:

I have recently become a devoted fan of *Heavy Metal*. Don't listen to those morons who talk down *HM* (they don't know class when they see it). *Heavy Metal* is as mind-blowing as Monty Python is funny.

Jeff Barry
Marblehead, Mass.

Ms. Simmons:

While the comments in reply to Ms. Reynolds (2/78) may have some merit, I find it difficult to accept from a woman who begins, "Girls, girls, girls, what are we going to do with you!" My anger/ annoyance/ disappointment was not lessened by your female name at the bottom, but was rather increased to the point of suggesting to you that if you, my dear, are a girl, please don't lay your trip on the rest of us, even in a comic book.

Jean Anmuth
New York, N.Y.

I'd rather not continue with the subject of Heavy Metal *versus "Women as sex objects" because woman's lib arguments unfortunately tend to get tedious. For years sexism was rampant in films, publications, and everyday life. The woman's lib movement surfaced, accusations were made, and supposedly equality was won. But a totally different side to liberation, which has yet to be discussed, is open-mindedness – the ability to laugh at and with yourself.*

If my comment in the February issue of Heavy Metal *seemed unusually sardonic, it was. The struggle for*

continued on page 55

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

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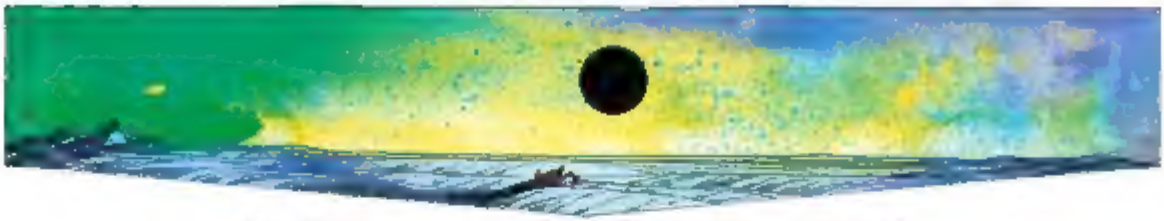

Heavy Metal Vol. II, No. 1 May 1978

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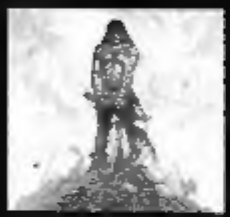

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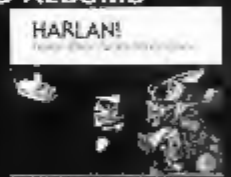

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...CONTINUALLY...

Feedback & self-criticism would have it that there are (at least) 2 things we do wrong: cause to be printed too many dumb stories & too many continued ones.

Now, re dumbness: you know it ain't easy cramming all of Aristotle's dramatic necessities into a 3 to 8 page comic, i.e., plot, characters, meaning, atmosphere, beginning, middle, & etc., & still leave room for the pretty pictures. Tends to overinflate yr speech balloons. Come to think, there's room for precious few of old Art's basics slipped into yr average ½hr tv drama. The form, you might say, is restrictive. Hmmm.

Obvious alternative is to give artist/writer more time/space to spin his tale, up periscope from subplot & otherwise sail his craft 'til we cry author! Or at least, O Henry! Hence ubiquitous mini-series on home screen viddy & nourishing serials here in *HM*. Point is, we do not "...to be continued" likes of "Barbarella" & "Orion" in hopes of conning breath-holding reader out of next month's buck 50. Art is the reason. So cough up.

This month's cover is by Philippe Druillet, one of *Metal Hurlant*'s original Humanoids, master draftsman, mythmaker, & creator of the "Urm" cycle, which concludes within. Soon as the packet of pages clears U.S. customs (where they are treating it with the care usually afforded Hannukah presents from the PLO), we will bring you the latest adventures of his hero Lone Sloane on the prison-planet, Gail.

Since "Den" concluded in April, we gave Corben 30 days off, but he'll be back next month with a new series of Arabian Nights stuff painted exclusively in OPEC petroleum by-products. Also in June *HM*, look forward to 16 pages by Bob Aull, who is to Vaughn Bodē what Robin Trower is to Jimi Hendrix, as well as illustrated (by Alex Nino) version of Sturgeon's *More Than Human*. Doesn't caviar come from a Sturgeon version?

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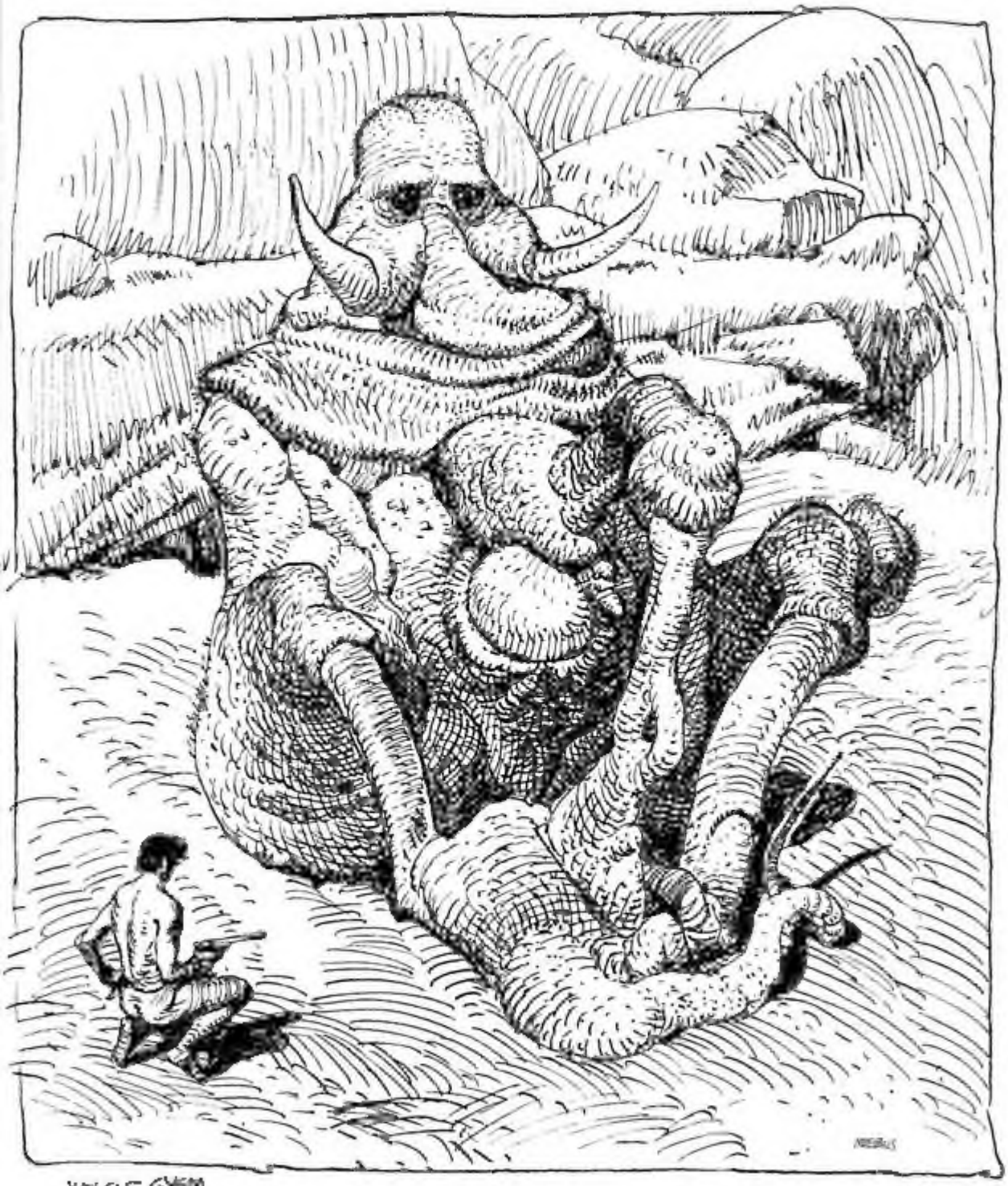
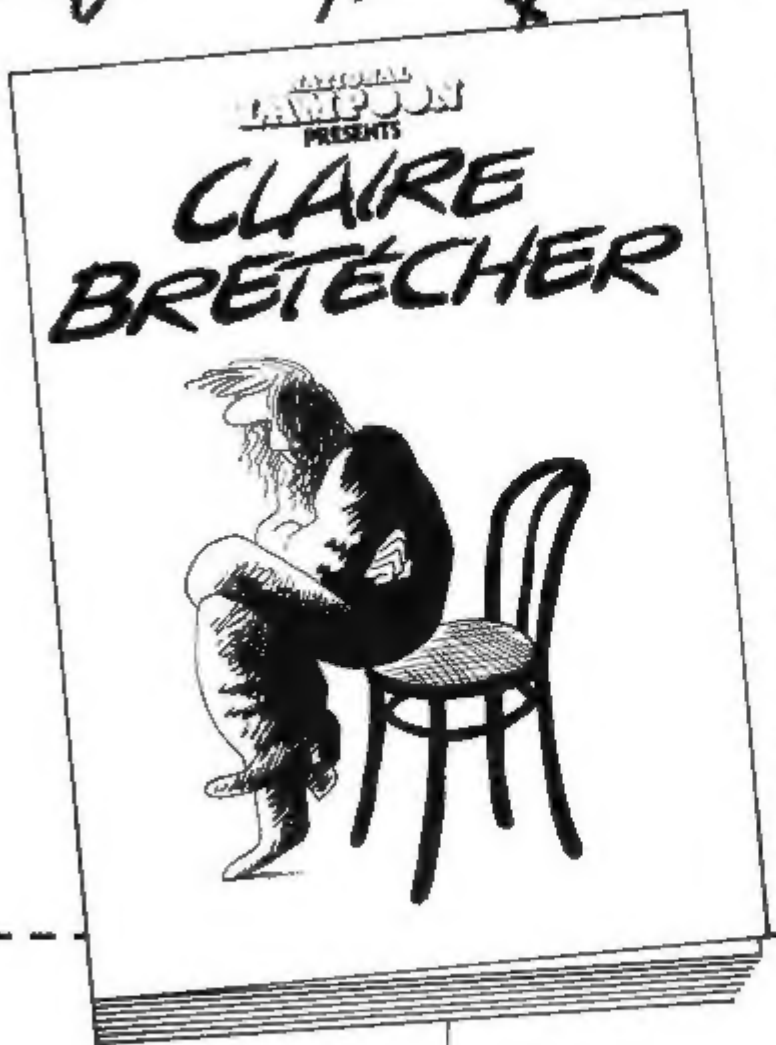


JUNGLE GYM

Claire Bretécher is a funny ~~lady woman~~ person!



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The first U.S. and Canadian publication of Bretécher is a ninety-six-page collection of black and white cartoons and drawings, selected from the enormously popular *Les Frustrés* books already published in France. *National Lampoon Presents Claire Bretecher*, translated by Valerie Marchant and edited by Sean Kelly, editors of *Heavy Metal* magazine, will soon be available in bookstores throughout the country. However, it may be purchased *now* through this advertisement for $5.95, plus a small postage and handling charge.

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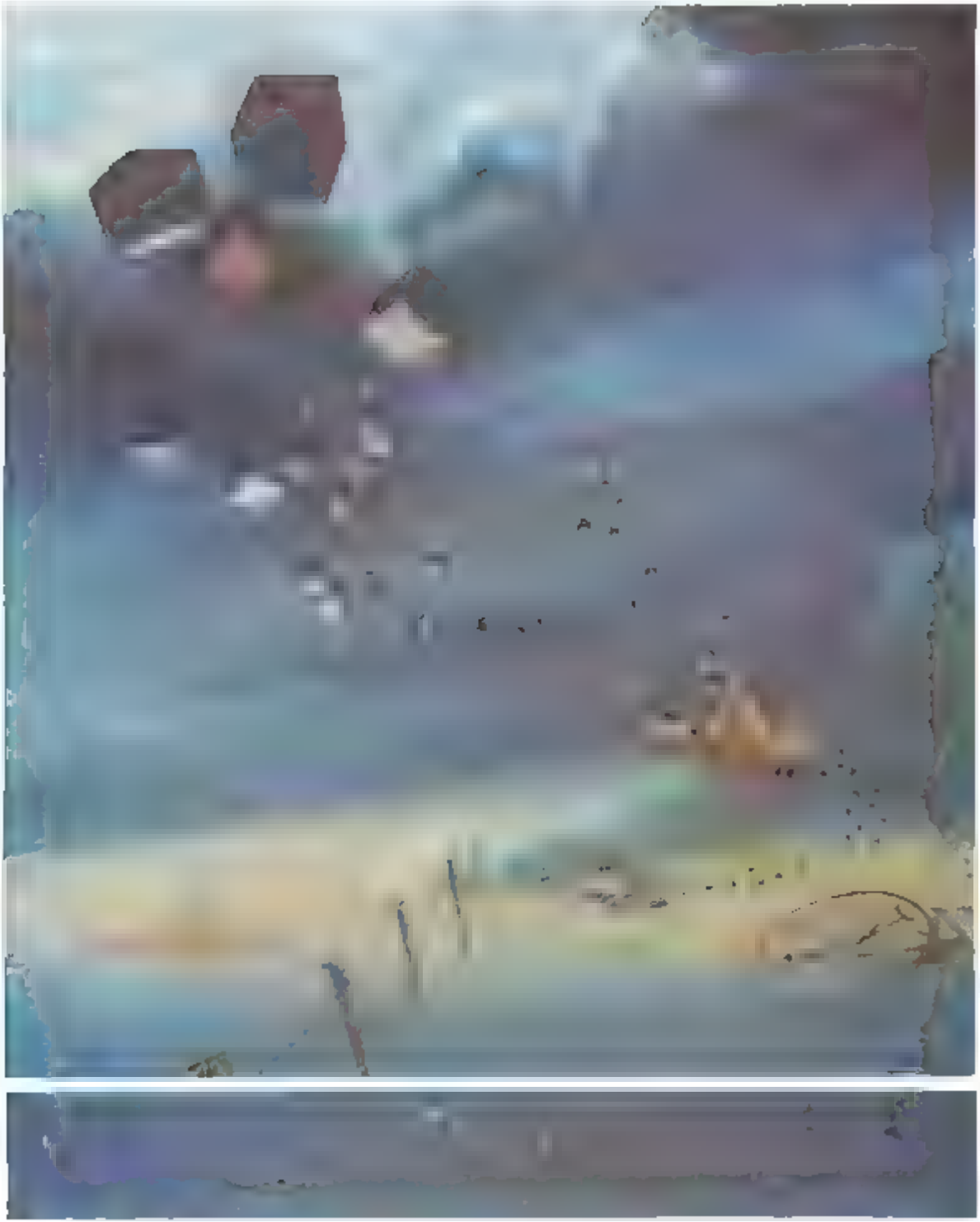
going to pieces



FED UP!

TEXT :LETENDRE ART : HÉ

FED UP!

TIFFO & ARTO
DEVELOPERS

NO! I CAN'T STAND IT! IT'S UNBEARABLE I'M GIVING IT UP!

NOW LISTEN TO ME OLD BOY.

BAM

LISTEN .LISTEN TO WHAT? THE SAME OLD WORDS OVER AND OVER .YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE

HEY BOSS, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE IT ALL UP TO GO

UHH

GO AHEAD AND SAY IT PAL DON'T BE SO SHY TO GO TO

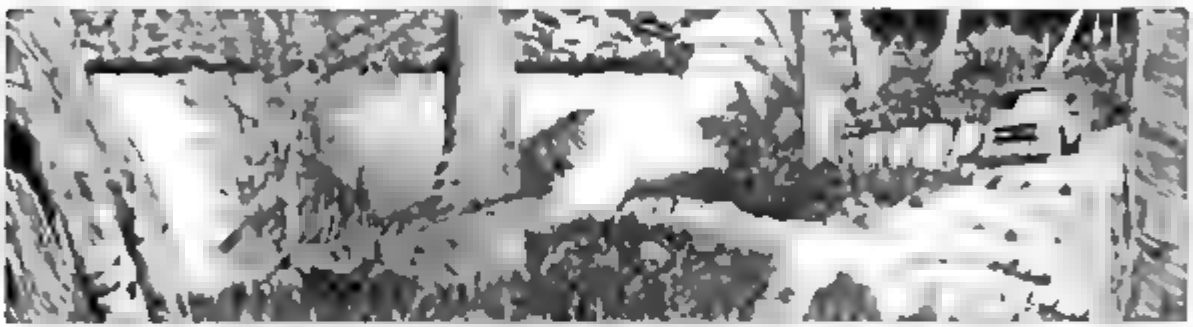
EL DORADO

DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD CONSIDER IT A LITTLE MORE CAREFULLY BEFORE.

NO! EVERYTHING'S READY! I'VE TAKEN CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS: OLD MAPS, JOURNALS, MANUSCRIPTS. IT TOOK ME YEARS OF SEARCHING TO GET TO THIS POINT AND YOU WANT ME TO GIVE IT ALL UP NOW! MORONS!

I KNOW!! WE'VE GOT A GREAT SETUP HERE A LUXURY HOTEL, A SWIMMING POOL, AIR CONDITIONING, NICE GROUNDS, THE WORKS. BUT I SAY NO! NO! NO! IT'S CORRUPT! THIS WHOLE SOCIETY IS CORRUPT

"IS USELESS TO GO ON CLINGING TO ALL OF THIS! I'LL LEAVE IT ALL TO YOU, ARTO. A NICE INHERITANCE,



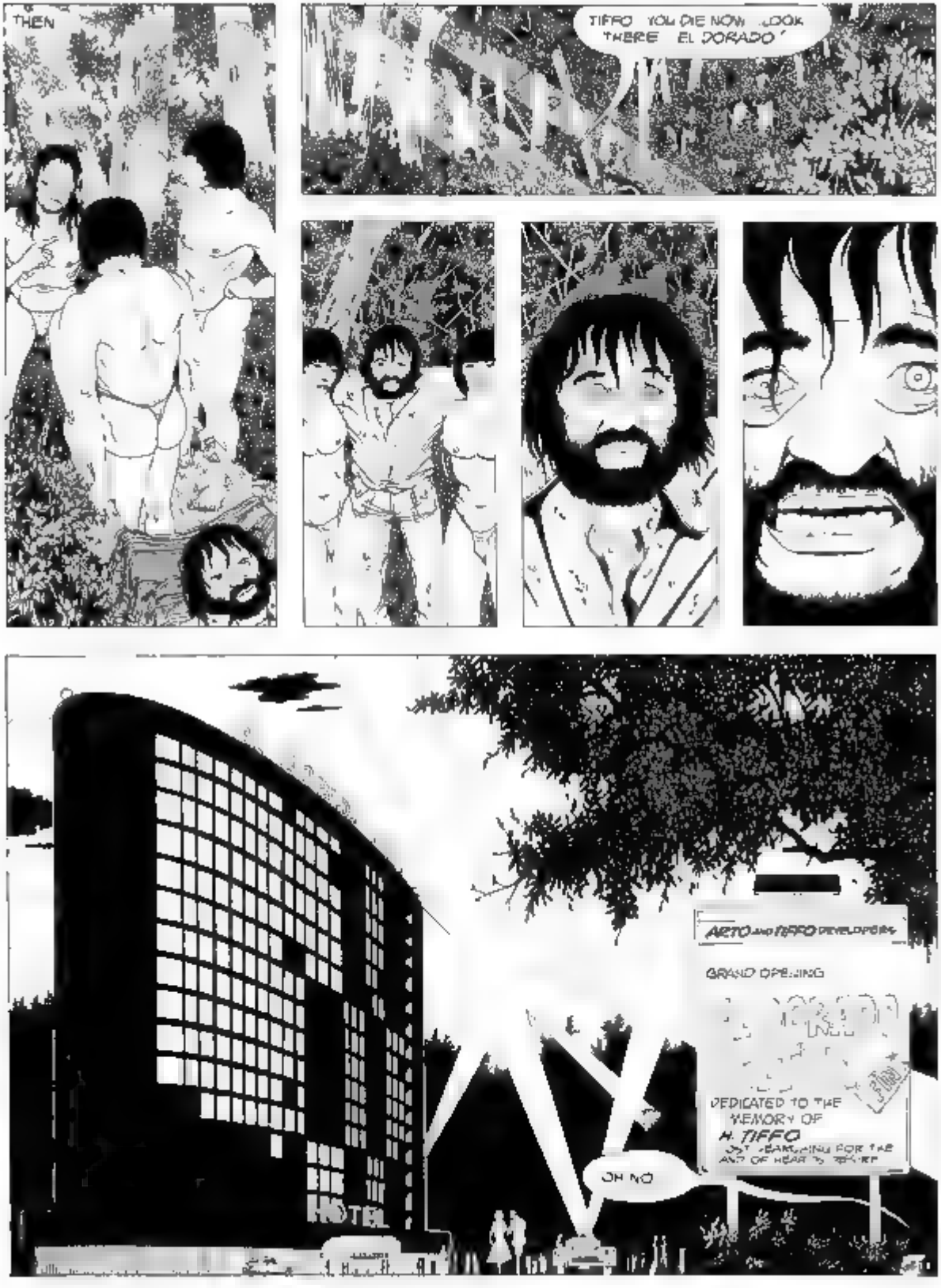
FOUR DAYS LATER
HEY!
DAMN IT TO HELL THIS OLD TUB LEAKS LIKE A SIEVE
NO!
NO MORE MAPS DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM
I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THIS DAMNED RIVER TO SUR A
WELL FOLKS, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR THE RACE
?
STAGEHAND IS THE FAVORITE TODAY GOING OFF AT 3 TO 1 IVY ROSE HAS BEEN SCRATCHED

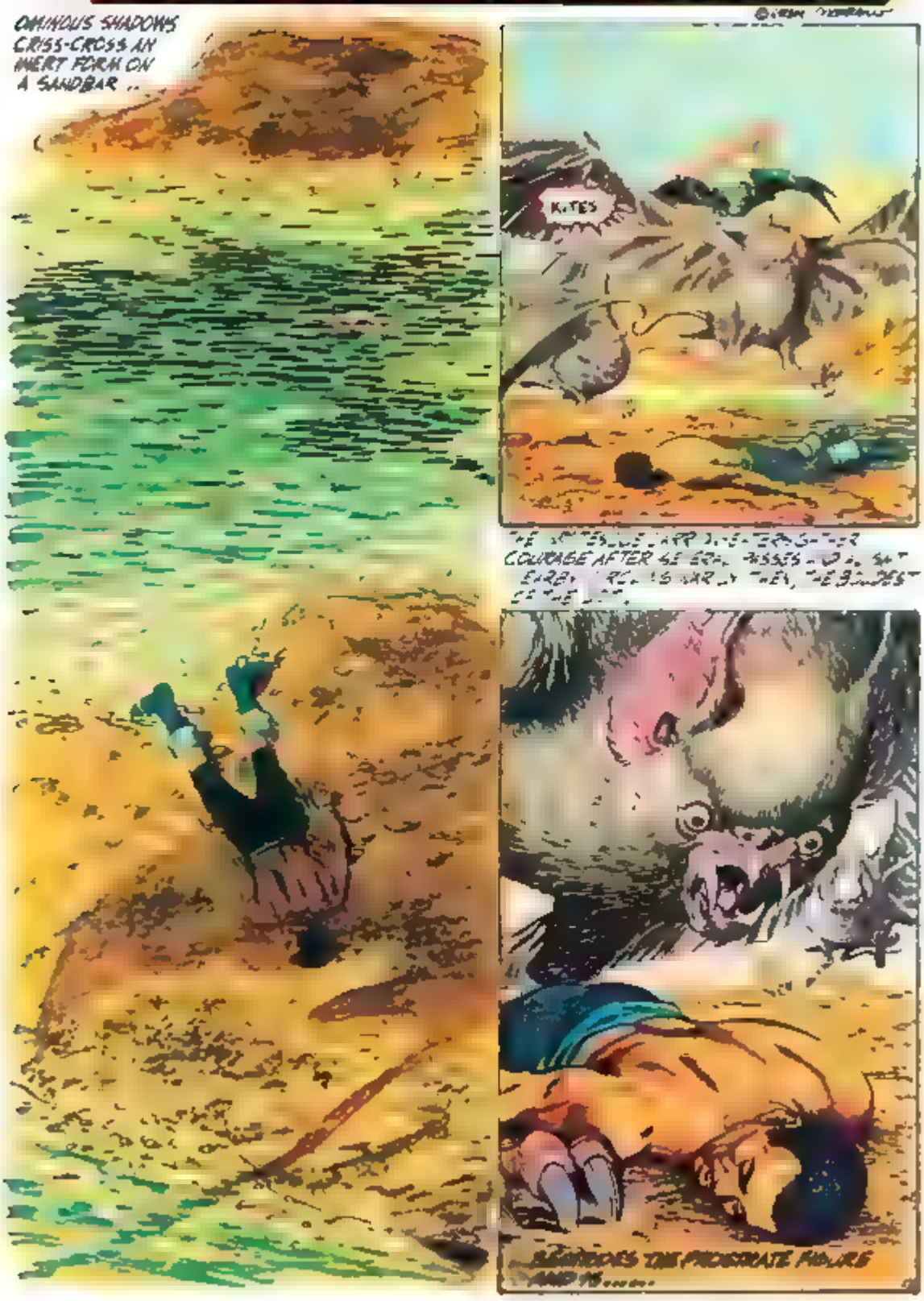
THE HORNETS ARE APPROACHING THE
EVE'S APPLE TASTES THE
LEAD STAGEHAND IS ON
THE BA
PROUD
EVERY
KNOS
DISRUPT
YEN
EVEN THE NOMS
WITH THEIR
F NG
SUCH POW ING
NATURE EVEN NA
THERE S DISRUPT
NANA EVERYTHING
THE WHOLE FOREST

COR. CORRUPT
EL ..EL DORADO.
DORADO.
YES, WHITE MAN, EL DORADO, YES SOON. TAKE NOW. YOU DRINK.
.. DORADO
MMMM
TWO MONTHS LATER
HEAR ME, KOKUSH, YOU HAVE SAVED ME, CARED FOR ME, AND MADE ME WELCOME AMONG YOU AND I AM VERY GRATEFUL
BUT YOU KNOW WHERE EL DORADO IS. AND YOU HAVE KEPT IT HIDDEN FROM ME. WHY ALL THIS MYSTERY? TELL ME THE
BE STILL, TIPPO!
EL DORADO EXISTS. FOR MY EYES HAVE SEEN IT BUT IT'S DANGEROUS PLACE FOR INDIANS STRANGERS ARE THERE. PEOPLE LIKE YOU

PEOPLE LIKE ME! A LOST CIVILIZATION! YOU MUST TAKE ME THERE! DO YOU HEAR? YOU MUST!
IT IS NOT POSSIBLE, TIFFO IT IS TABOO THEY ARE NOT OF US WE ARE NOT OF THEM IT MUST BE LIKE THAT! YOU CHOOSE
THIS STUPID FOOL IS AS NARROW-MINDED AS ARTO 'I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!
IT'S DECIDED, THEN I WILL GO ALONE!
THE GODS BE WITH YOUR FLIGHT!
GOOD-BYE KOKUSH
AIIEEE!
HELP ME!
PFFF
GGHH?

THIS S OBVIOUSLY BECOMING A HAB T
DO NOT SPEAK BITE OF SERPENT IS DEADLY FOR WHITE MAN, KOKUSH KNOW ONLY MEDI- CINE GOOD FOR THREE DAYS, NO LONGER'
NO!
QUICKLY EL DORADO QUICKLY I MUST SEE T BEFORE I MUST DIE N EL DORADO!
EL EL DORADO
KOKUSH SAY YES, TAKE YOU SAY LAST WISH SACRED
TWO DAYS PASS.


THEN
TIFFO YOU DIE NOW ..LOOK THERE EL DORADO'
ARTO and TIFFO DEVELOPERS
GRAND OPENING
DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
H. TIFFO
OH NO
HOTEL


OMINOUS SHADOWS CRISS-CROSS AN INERT FORM ON A SANDBAR ..
KATES
AMBROSIUS THE PROSTRATE FIGURE AND HE.....

KNOCKED GALLEY WEST BY A RESOUNDING BLOW FROM LAMONTHOS' CROOKED STAFF! APPEARING FROM NOWHERE AS HE IS WONT TO DO, THE BLACK MAGE SCATTERS HIS MINIONS AMID A FLURRY OF FLUTTERINGS AND PIPINGS.

AWAY WITH YOU, FOUL STUPID BEASTS. BACK OFF I SAY, HE IS NOT YOURS YET.

SO, MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE FAILED ME IN THE TASK I SET FOR YOU. OR ON STILL RETAINS HIS MAGIC SWORD. I SUPPOSE YOU DID YOUR BEST. BUT CAPABLE KNAVES ARE SO HARD TO FIND THESE DAYS AH ME YES IT SEEMS I MUST DEAL WITH THIS OBSTREPEROUS RASCAL ORION MYSELF I SHALL PERHAPS NEED TO EMPLOY ALL MY TALENTS FOR DEVIOUSNESS AND WICKEDNESS TO SEPARATE HIM FROM THE FABLED BLADE "NORSOUT" KEY TO POWER UNPARALLED!

AH MY POOR UNWILLING PAWN, IN FAILING YOU HAVE ACTUALLY DONE ME A SERVICE YES. A REAL CHALLENGE AT LAST. A TEST OF MY MAGNIFICENT MALEVOLENCE. MY MALIFICENT METTLE. BADNESS KNOWS I WAS GETTING A BIT RUSTY MY BLACK HEART OVERFLOWS WITH FORGIVENESS AND COMPASSION. I FREE YOU FROM THE ENSORCELLED WRISTLETS THAT BOUND YOUR WILL TO MINE AND LEAVE YOU TO REST IN PEACE ETERNAL PEACE..

...UP, UP AND AWAY, MY LOVELIES. AAA-A HA-HA-HA-HAAAA!

SUMMONING ONE OF HIS PUTRID-PINIONED AVIANS AND DIRECTING OTHERS TO SCOUT OUT ORION'S TRAIL, LAMONTHOS SOARS ALOFT LEAVING THE REMAINDER TO RESUME THEIR GRISLY REPAST AS THE UNHOLY CREATURES CLOSE THEIR CIRCLE AROUND THE DARK WARRIOR AND ONE PREPARES TO DELIVER THE DEATH STROKE.. HE STIRS!!

SAMONTHOS AND HIS AIRBORNE BLOODHOUNDS SPOT THE TINY FIGURE OF ORION MAKING HIS WAY ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS

AHAH. WELL DONE, MY PRETTIES. THERE HE IS!

NO, NO, MY DARLINGS. WE WON'T RISK GETTING CLOSE TO THAT TERRIBLE SWORD OF HIS. WHY SHOULD WE, WHEN WE CAN INVOKE THE VERY ELEMENTS THEMSELVES TO AID US?

A LITTLE SANDSTORM SHOULD SMOOTH DOWN THE ABRASIVE CHARACTER OF ORION NICELY, EH? OH WIND. WIND.. WIND

MUSTERING ALL HIS NECROMANTIC TALENTS, THE MAD MAGE CALLS UP A MIGHTY STORM OF SHRIEKING, HOWLING WIND AND SAND TO SCOUR AND ABRADE ORION TO DUST. DRIVEN BY BANSHEE GALES, HE STAGGERS THROUGH A MAELSTROM OF STINGING GRIT...

...TO FINALLY TAKE SHELTER UNDER THE LEATHERY LEAVES OF A STRANGE DESERT PLANT TO WAIT OUT THE STORM.

CLUCK6! BOOBS! IF YOUR EYES FAIL YOUR NOSES SHOULD TELL YOU WHERE HIS CARCASS IS YOU NINNIES!

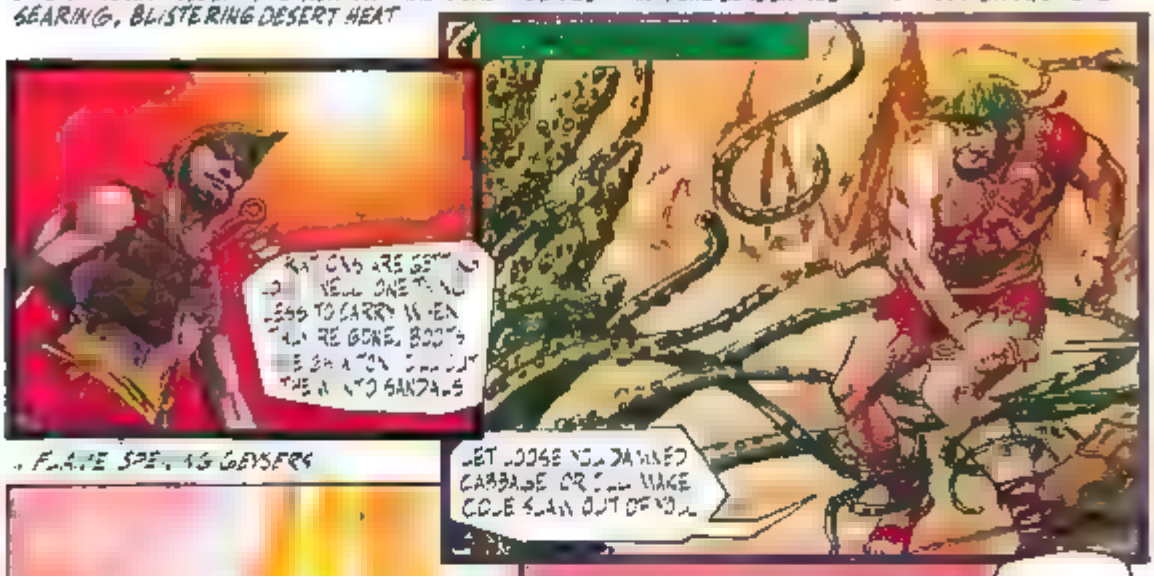
NO SIGN OF TRACKS. HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANYWHERE. HE MUST BE BURIED UNDER THE SAND. I CAN'T SEE THE ENTIRE DESERT

WHAT DO I DO NOW? WELL DON'T JUST SIT THERE. I'D GO HUNT, SEARCH-- FETCH YOU CRETINS!! FIND HIM!

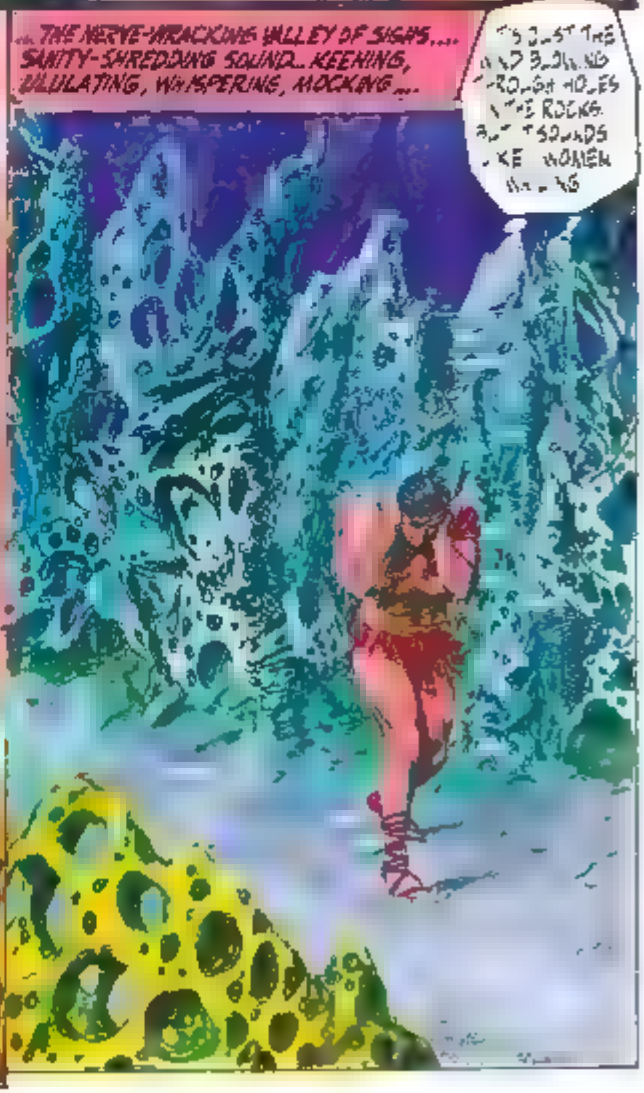
SO THAT'S WHAT A SILKWORM FEELS LIKE. NEXT TIME WE MEET MASCARA WILL BE ON MY TERMS..

SOMETIME LATER A SURPRISED LIZARD SEES THE SAND IN THESS AREA APPARENTLY ACCELERATED UNFOLDING OF A VERY LARGE DESERT PLANT OR DISGORGING FORTH THE HORSE OF FEAR

NOW ORION MUST CONTEND WITH AN EVEN DEADLIER ENEMY THAN LAMONTHOS THE MERCILESS, IMPLACABLE LAND OF BALMODRA ITSELF IT'S WEAPONS ARE MORE VICIOUS THAN SPEARS OR SWORDS THE BRAIN-BAKING EYE-SEARING, BLISTERING DESERT HEAT

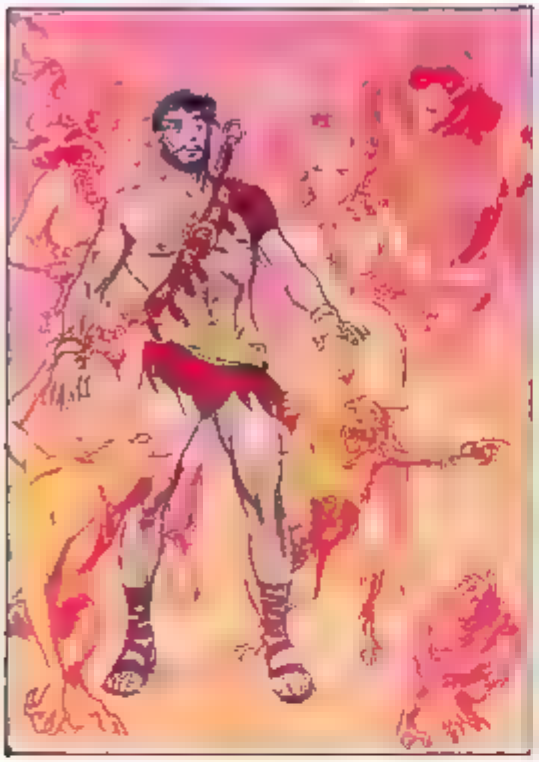

[illegible] YOU CAN'T GET [illegible] WELL ONE THING LESS TO CARRY WHEN YOU'RE GONE, BOOTS [illegible] THROW OUT THESE TWO SANDALS
GET LOOSE YOU DAMNED CARRION OR I'LL MAKE COLE SLAW OUT OF YOU

... FLAME SPEWING GEYSERS

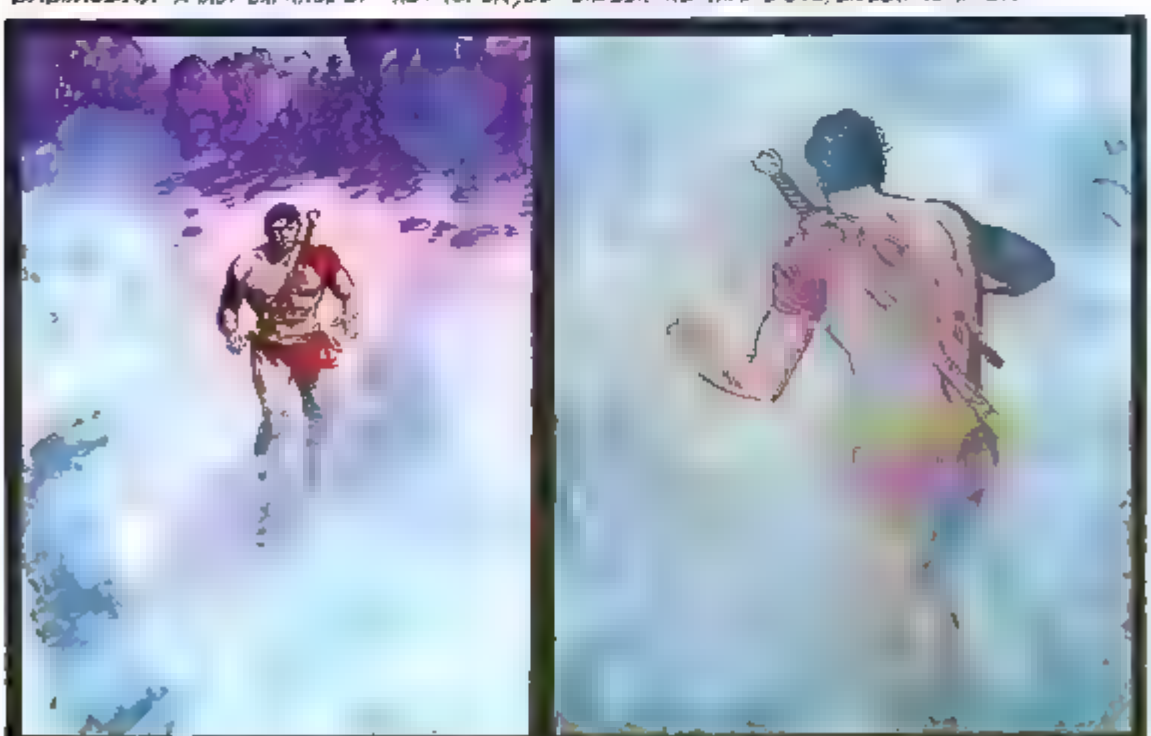

...THE NERVE-WRACKING VALLEY OF SIGHS... SANITY-SHREDDING SOUND... KEENING, ULULATING, WHISPERING, MOCKING...
IT'S JUST THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH HOLES IN THE ROCKS BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE WOMEN WAILING

.. AND MIRAGES MIRAGES THAT ARE MORE THAN THEY SEEM ....

THIRST-MADDENED, DRIVEN ON BY WILL ALONE, ORION TRAVELS UNTIL HE DROPS. THEN TO HIS HEAT-SODDEN BRAIN COME STRANGE HAUNTING VISIONS THAT SEEM TO BECKON TO ENTICE...



EAGER NOW, ANTICIPATING, HE RISES AND STAGGERS IN TO THE ANCIENT SEA — THE LEGENDARY **LOST SEA OF BALIMOORA**. A VAST EXPANSE OF — NOT WATER, BUT UNDULATING WHISPERING BILLOWING VAPOR



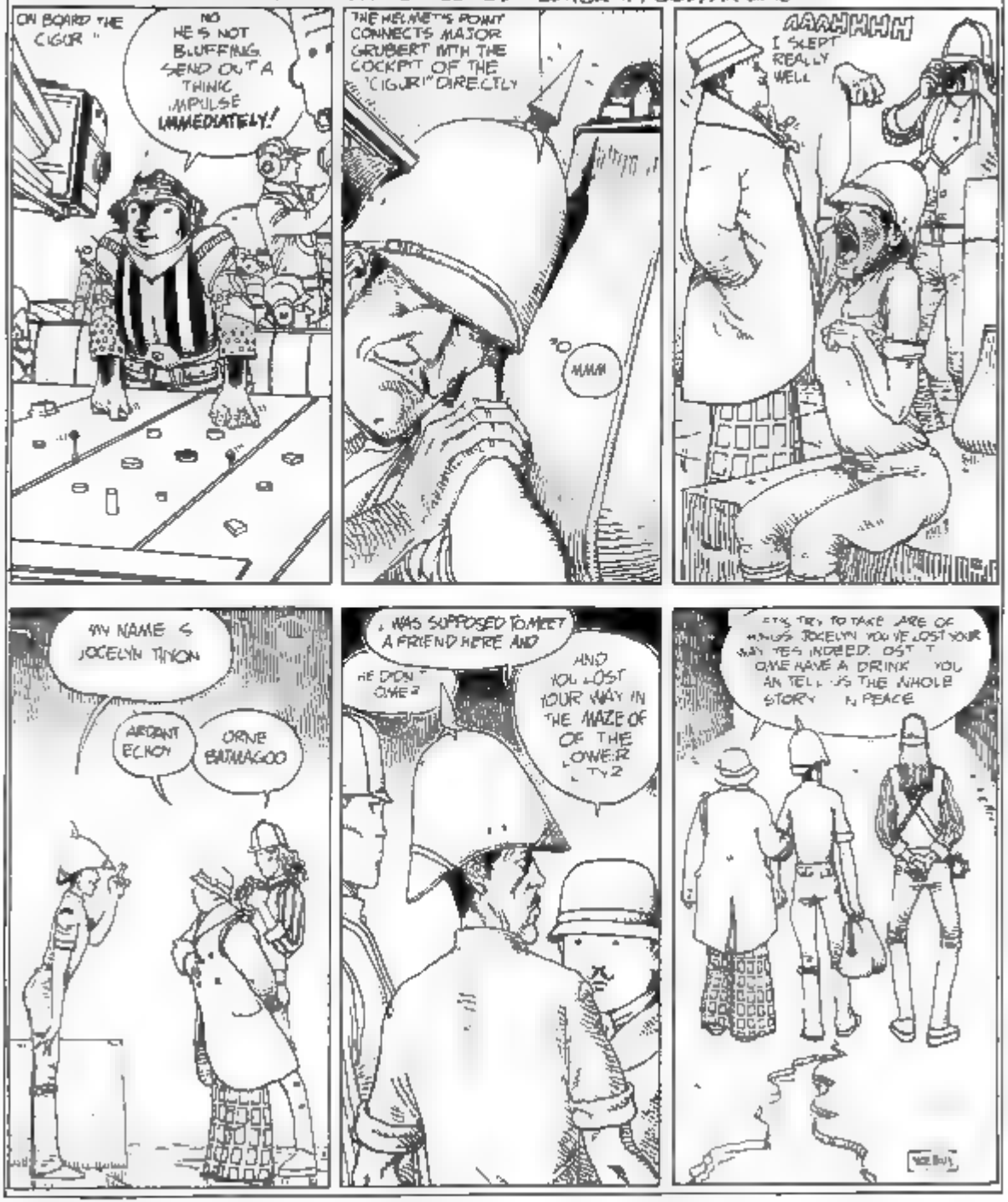
...HE STUMBLES TOWARD THE PHANTASMS THAT BESEECH HIM AND INTO THE ROLLING MILKY GREY OPACITY OF THE LOST SEA — AND DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT...

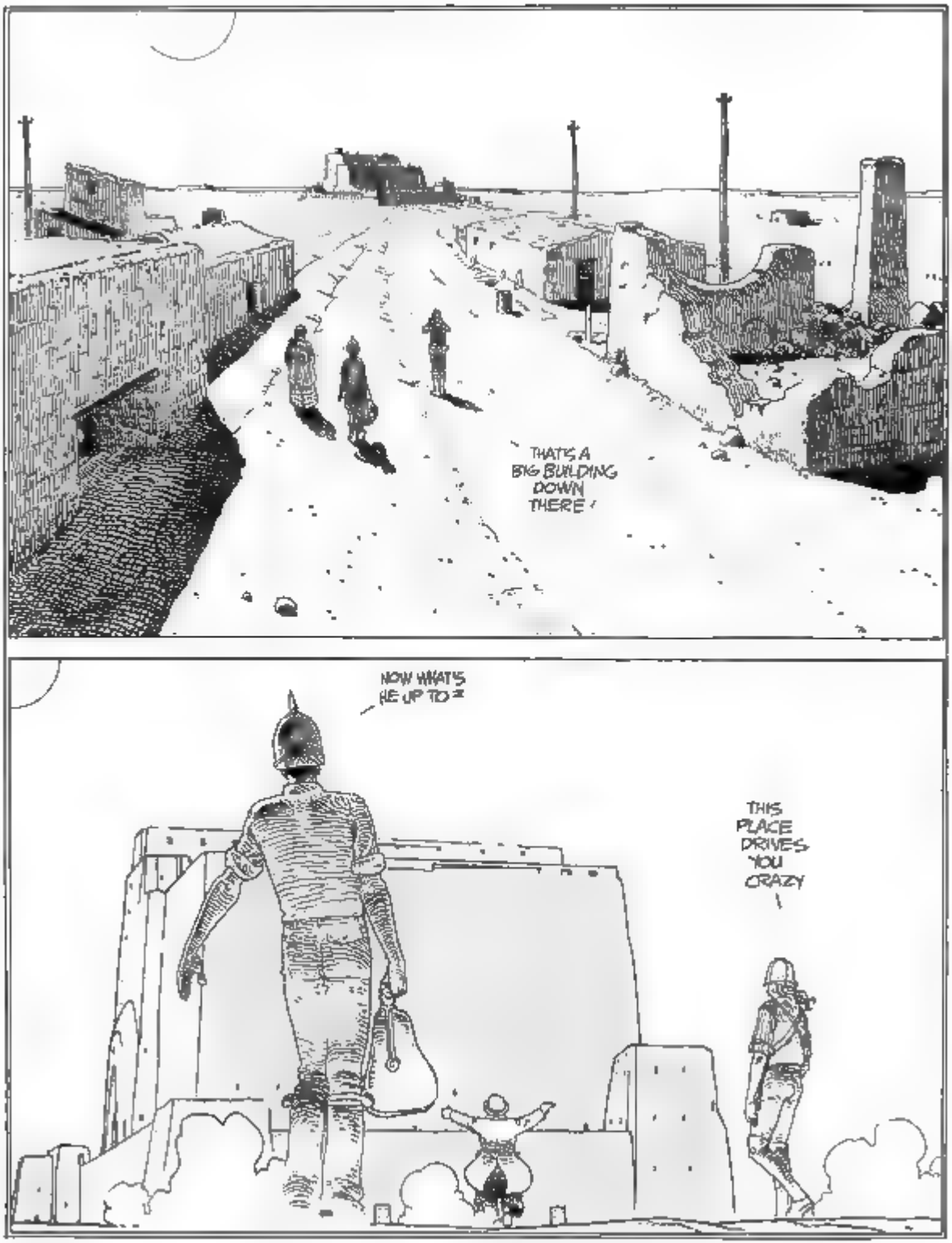
UPON RECOVERING CONSCIOUSNESS AND SIMULTANEOUSLY THE KNOWL[redacted] OF HIS FREEDOM FROM LAMONTHOS' DOMINATION HAMBA'S EYES FIX UPON A BLUR THAT RESOLVES ITSELF INTO THE BESTIAL COUNTENANCE OF A GREAT BAT-LIKE KITE ABOUT TO DEVOUR HIM
THEN EVEN AS HE STEELS HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH STROKE THERE'S A STRIDENT SCREECH AND
S-S-S-S-S-S-S-
WILDLY PANICKED, HE STRUGGLES FROM BENEATH THE SHROUD-LIKE BRUTE CRUMPLED ATOP HIM AND REALIZES..
I'M SAVED. THE OTHERS ARE SCATTERING TO THE SKIES THANKS TO
OH NO - MY GOD. I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I'VE JUST BEEN RESCUED BY.

THE UPTIGHT GARBAGE OF MŒBIUS

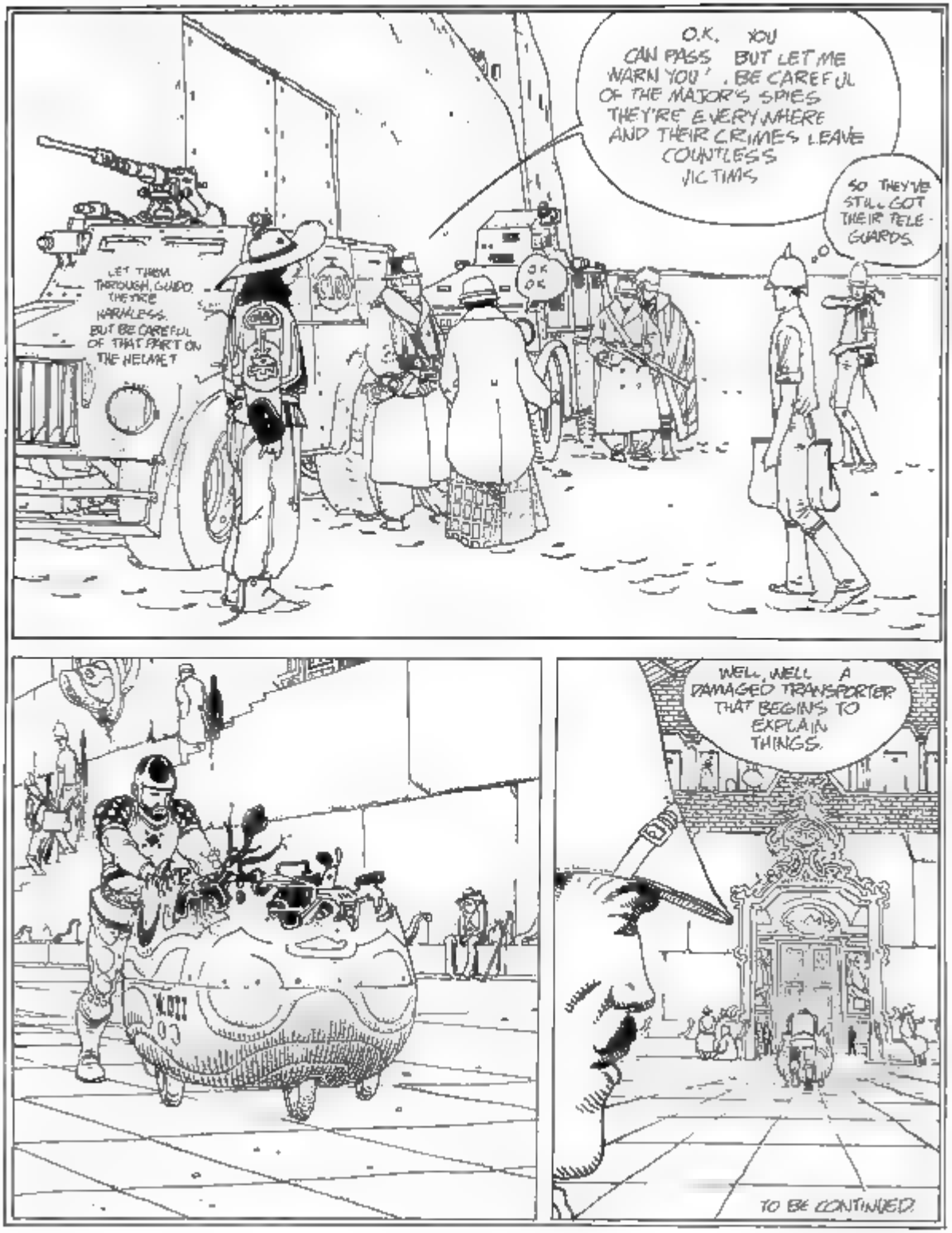
BY JERRY CORNELIUS

SO FAR EDITOR I GET THE IMPRESSION YOU LEAVE EVERYTHING TO CHANCE? MŒBIUS AT FIRST YES, BUT LATER NOW, I HAVE IT ALL IN MY HEAD, UP TO PAGE 723 EDITOR MY GOD, AN EPIC


ON BOARD THE CIGUR "
NO HE'S NOT BLUFFING. SEND OUT A THINK IMPULSE IMMEDIATELY!
THE HELMET'S POINT CONNECTS MAJOR GRUBERT WITH THE COCKPIT OF THE "CIGUR" DIRECTLY
MMM
AAAHHHH I SLEPT REALLY WELL
MY NAME S JOCELYN THYON
ARGENT ECHOY
ORNE BATMAGOO
I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET A FRIEND HERE AND
HE DON" OME?
AND YOU LOST YOUR WAY IN THE MAZE OF OF THE LOWE:R TY2
ETS TRY TO TAKE ARE OF MINUS JOCELYN YOU'VE LOST YOUR WAY YES INDEED. OST T OME HAVE A DRINK YOU AN TEL US THE WHOLE STORY N PEACE


THAT'S A BIG BUILDING DOWN THERE!
NOW WHAT'S HE UP TO?
THIS PLACE DRIVES YOU CRAZY!

I LIVE IN ARMSOURTH WITH A GIRL WHO'S CRAZY ABOUT THE PICTURES WHICH COME OUT OF THIS LITTLE MACHINE OF MINE AT NIGHT
CLICK
WELL WELL !!!
ALL THESE PICTURES WILL ENRICH MY COLLECTION
THEN WHAT?
T'S AFTERNOON THE ZING THE REST IS FOR TH NEXT AND UNREAL
T'S HIM. IT'S JOCELYN THYON HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMEONE AND HE'S LOST HIS WAY IN THE MAZE OF THE LOWER CITY BUT WE THOUGHT MY FRIEND AND ME, THAT WE'D BRING HIM HERE SO HE COULD GET A DRINK . HE'S LOST LOST HIS WAY!
CLICK!


O.K. YOU CAN PASS BUT LET ME WARN YOU ! . BE CAREFUL OF THE MAJOR'S SPIES THEY'RE EVERYWHERE AND THEIR CRIMES LEAVE COUNTLESS VICTIMS
SO THEY'VE STILL GOT THEIR TELE-GUARDS.
LET THEM THROUGH, GUARD. THEY'RE HARMLESS. BUT BE CAREFUL OF THAT PART ON THE HELMET
OK OK
WELL, WELL A DAMAGED TRANSPORTER THAT BEGINS TO EXPLAIN THINGS.
TO BE CONTINUED

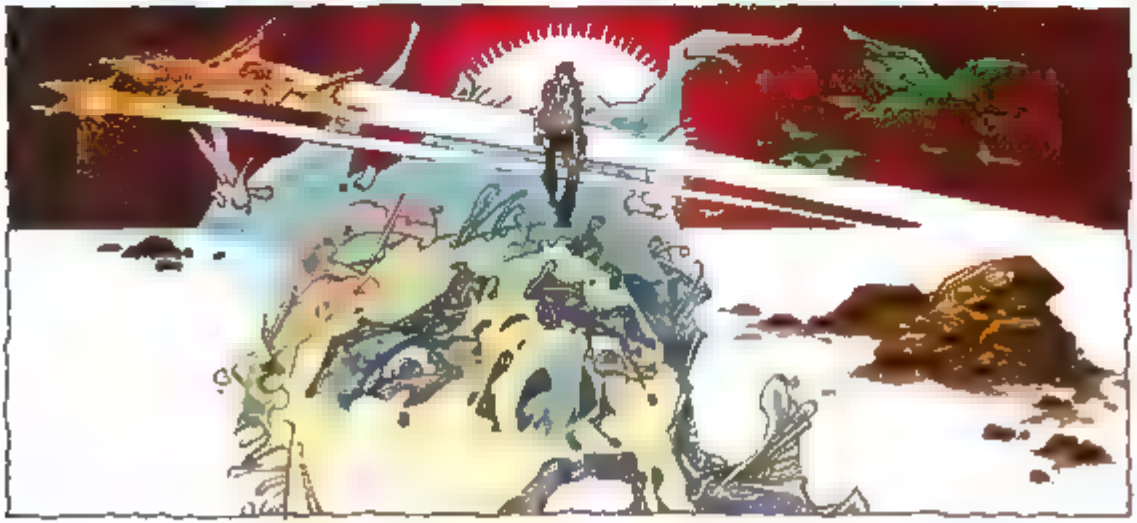
Deadline Another damn deadline What amazes me most is that I haven t become a hack

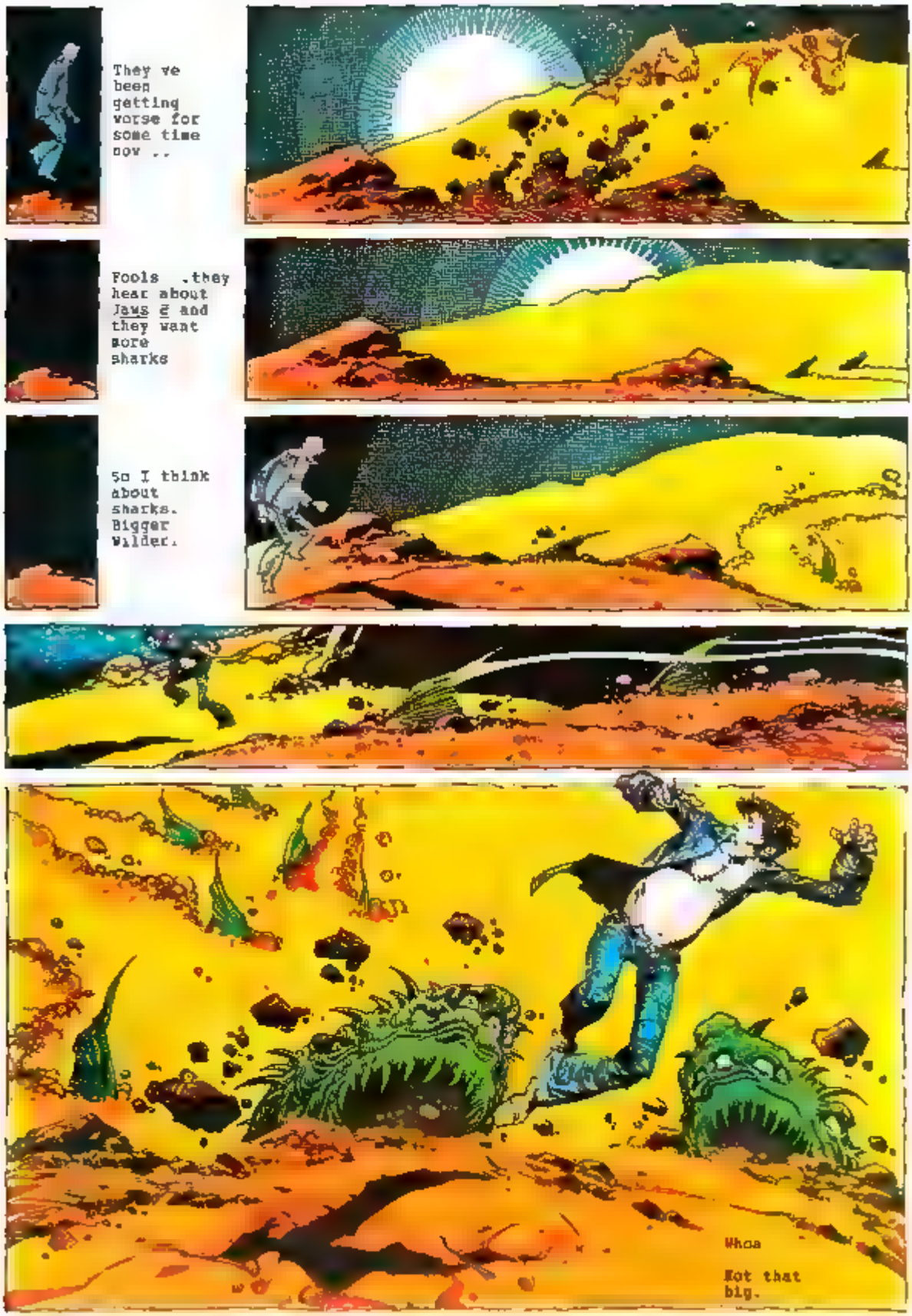
Pressure The constant pressure Keep those words coming The weirder the better

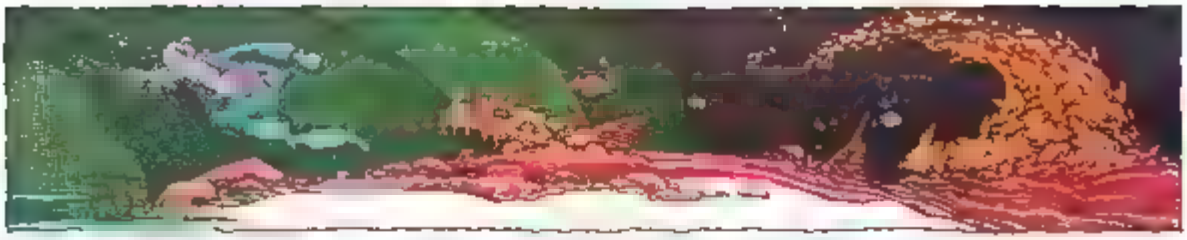
It gets worse every year They always want something new Bigger monsters Stronger heroes

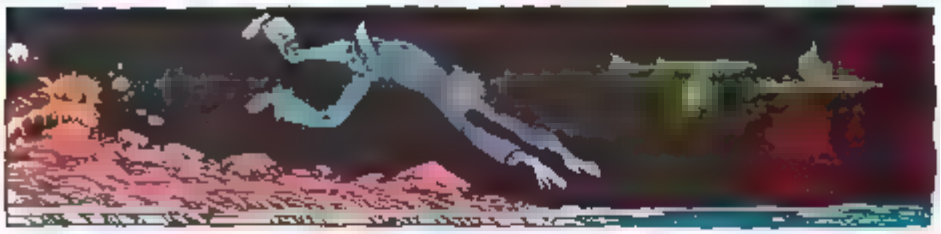
I dig deeper into my dreams I feed off, you know whatever I draw I know I can stop it I won t stop at I live through my dreams I escape

TAP-DANCING ON A TENDER CEREBELLUM

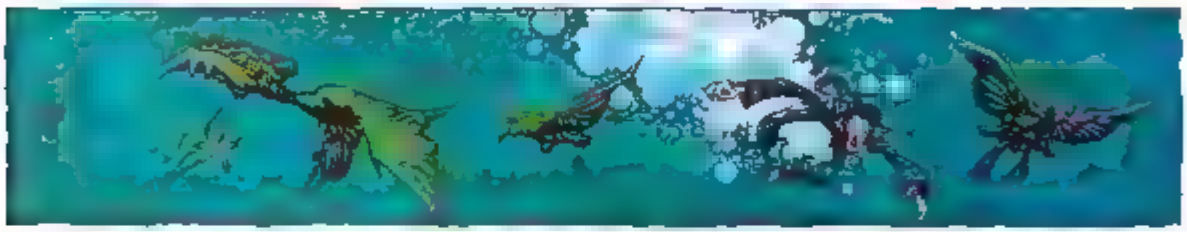



They ve been getting worse for some time now ..
Fools .they hear about Jaws 2 and they want more sharks
So I think about sharks. Bigger Wilder.
Whoa
Not that big.





Forget it I ... do what I always do and in the art right when they need it Too late to change Pisses them off

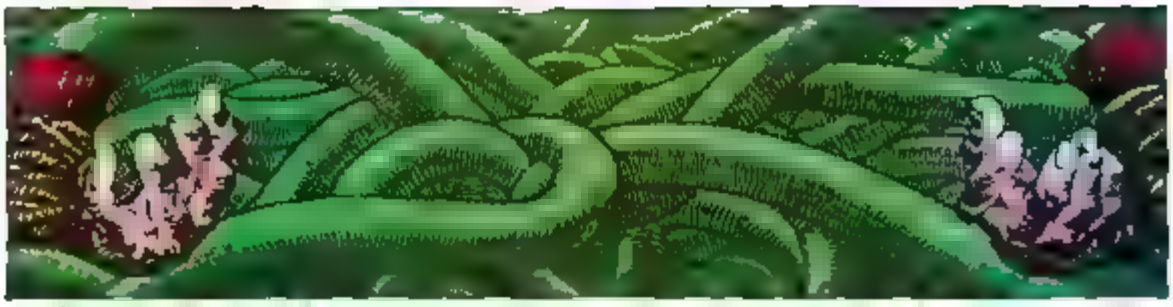


Something really weird to ... d

Sure a psychological thriller cop Dali from Hitchcock mix in a battle World War II Sure surreal events in an occupied town man sees ancient soldier hiding in abandoned home "Twilight Zone "

Now what do they look like
No Did that

FOR SALE!



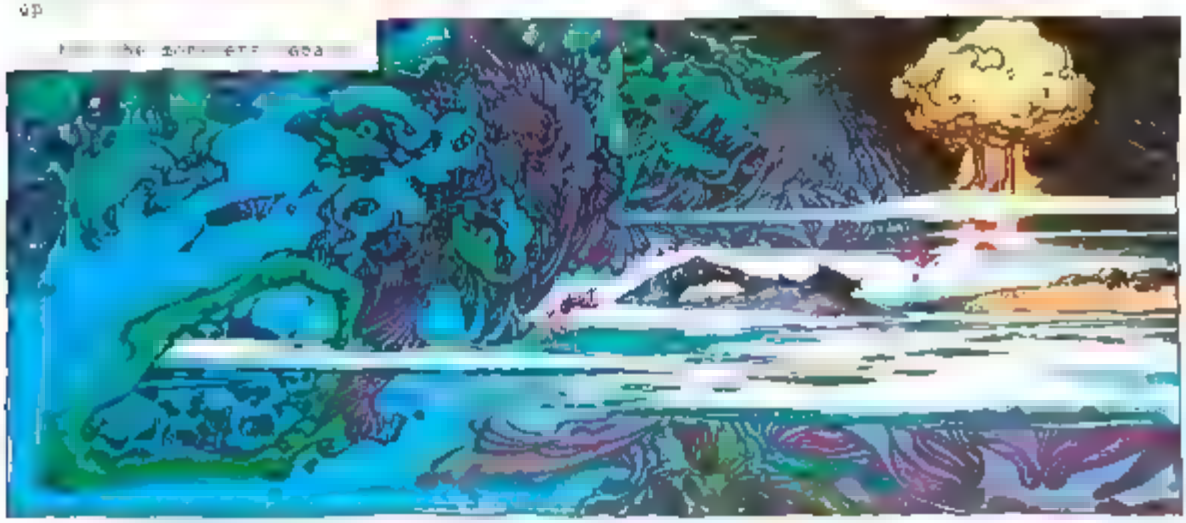
[illegible] I can't breathe [illegible] I have gotta open my eyes My god
What they're open Impossible
I can't breathe

What fly? I'm not gonna fly That's insane

cold
Suddenly it's very
cold
Vapor blue - I was just
at the board

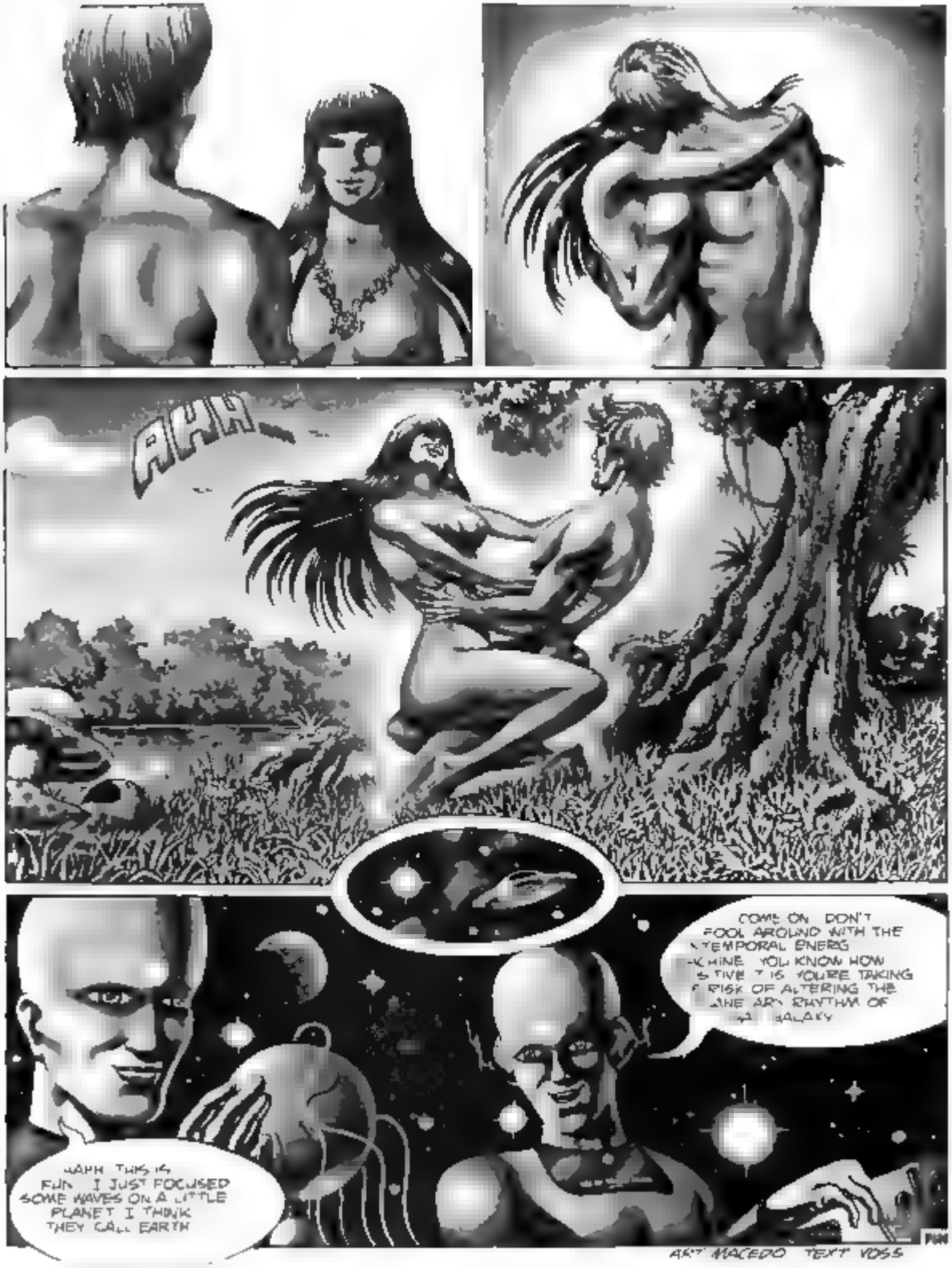
Oh [illegible] grabbing me [illegible] he's dry. Now I have a [illegible] Monster is my ambition. Take me away [illegible] Man [illegible] really aren't there

Man runs [illegible] spends a fortune [illegible] He needs [illegible] pens archer [illegible] buys a Pacific atoll [illegible] thinks he can trap [illegible] the Navy to [illegible] up



AN IMAGE
HEY WHAT AM I SEEING HERE? THE SUN HAS OBVIOUSLY GOTTEN TO ME

THE BEAUTY OF THIS VISION TOUCHES ME DEEPLY. COULD IT BE AN HALLUCINATION OR
!
?
I CAN'T RESIST THIS ATTRACTION I FEEL FOR HER MAYBE A DIVE WILL MAKE THIS DISTURBING MIRAGE DISAPPEAR
!?
SPLOOSH!
!?
!?
YAP!

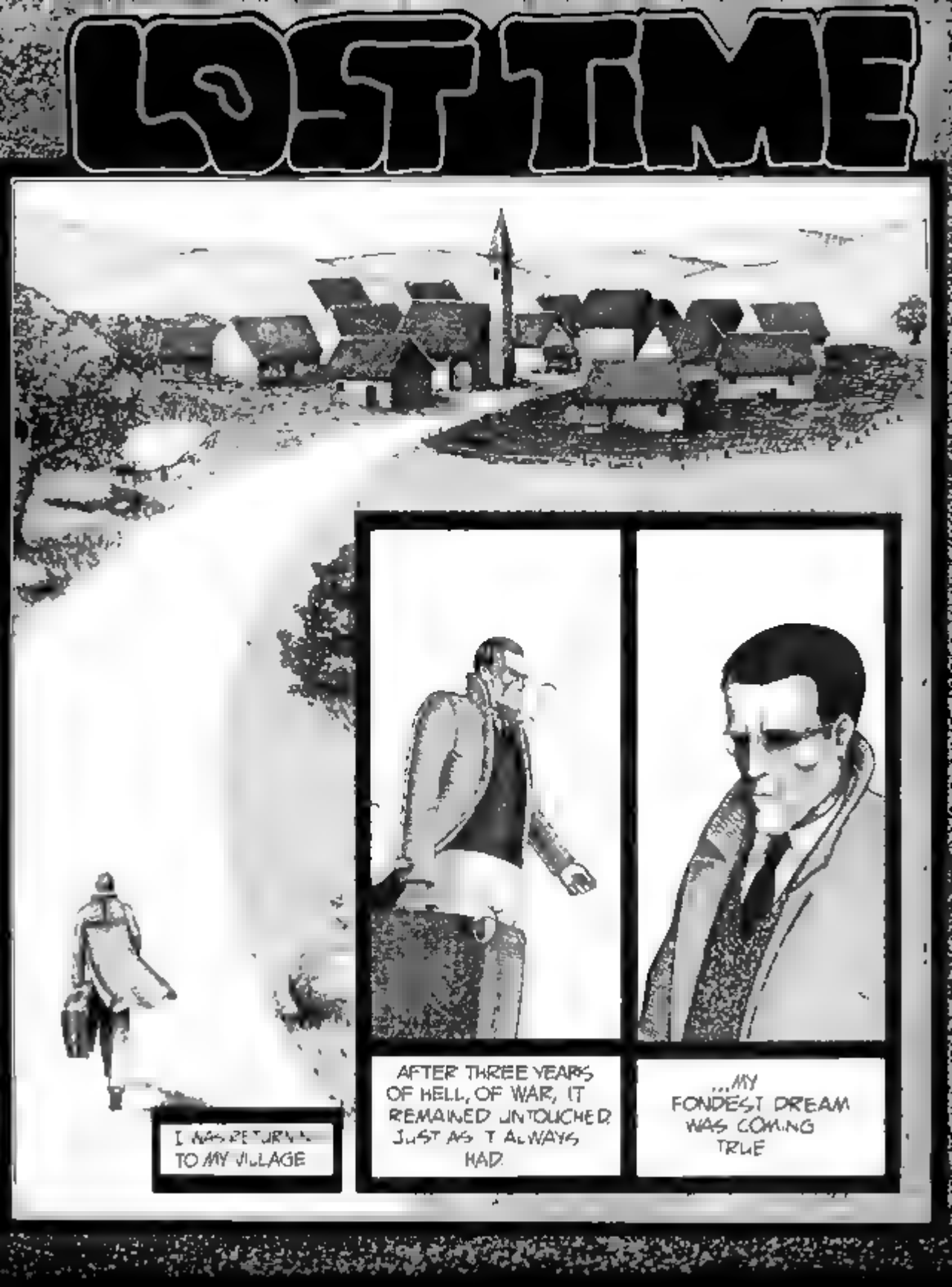

AHH
HAHA THIS IS FUN I JUST FOCUSED SOME WAVES ON A LITTLE PLANET I THINK THEY CALL EARTH
COME ON DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH THE TEMPORAL ENERG -K MINE YOU KNOW HOW S TIVE T IS YOU'RE TAKING R RISK OF ALTERING THE LAR RHYTHM OF GALAXY

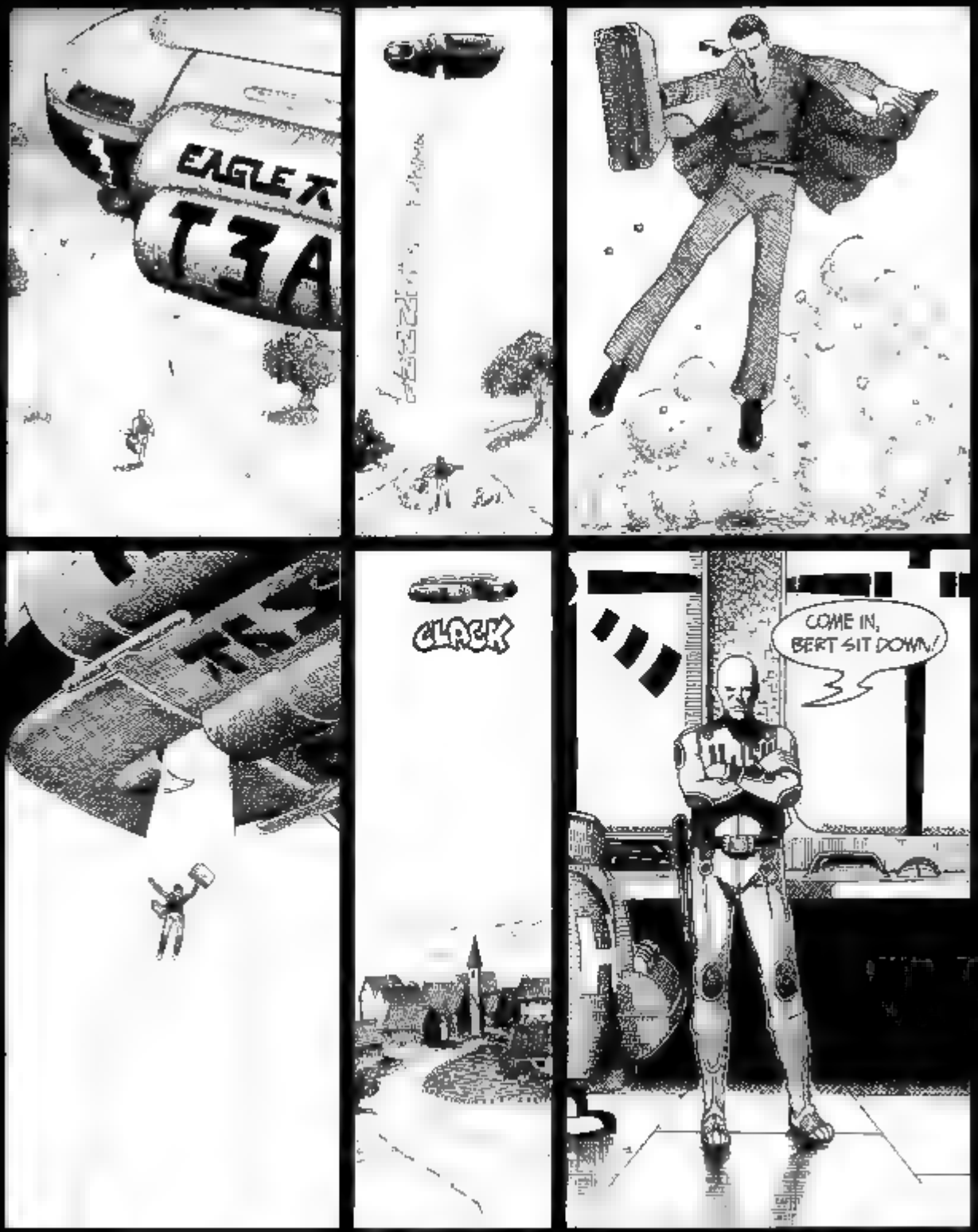
ART MACEDO TEXT VOSS

GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC

MILLENIUM STARSHIP

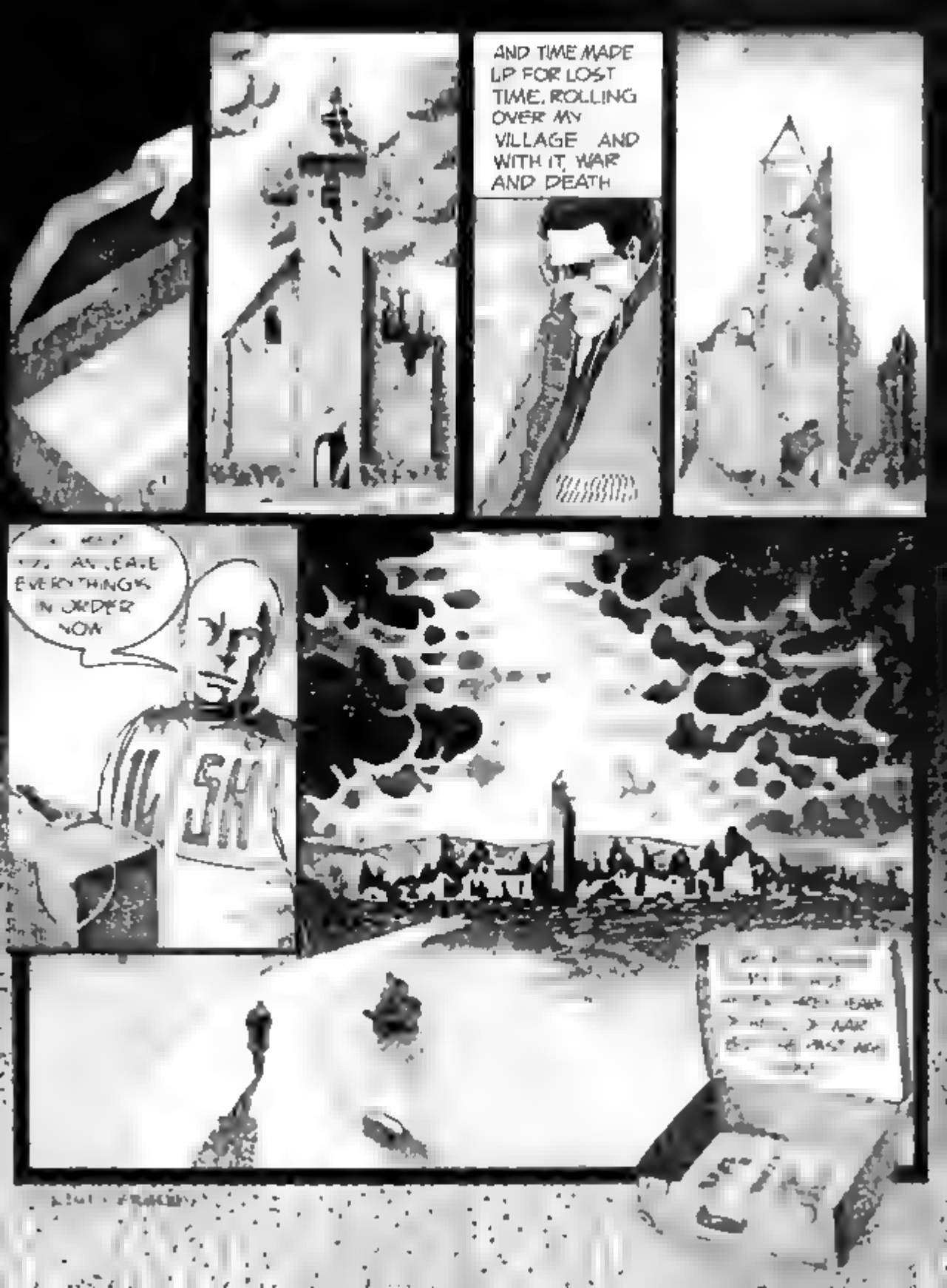
LOST TIME


I WAS RETURNING TO MY VILLAGE
AFTER THREE YEARS OF HELL, OF WAR, IT REMAINED UNTOUCHED JUST AS I ALWAYS HAD.
...MY FONDEST DREAM WAS COMING TRUE


EAGLE
CLACK
COME IN, BERT SIT DOWN!

WHAT KIND OF CIRCUS IS THIS? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? ARE YOU GOING TO EXPLAIN WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?
SH
KON!
SH
DON'T TRY TO DENY IT! OUR EQUIPMENT HAS LOCALIZED YOU! IT IS YOU!

WHERE ARE YOU THINKING OF GOING NOW?
THE DETECTOR'S RESPONSE IS POSITIVE, SIR. HE HAS IT ON HIM
AAAHHH, SO! I SEE, THAT'S IT!!
NO, NOT MY SUIT-CASE!! YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT!
CLICK!


AND TIME MADE UP FOR LOST TIME, ROLLING OVER MY VILLAGE AND WITH IT, WAR AND DEATH
I'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER NOW

continued from page 4

*pus... ...ay, ...and a moon in the ... ...

6 FROM

PSYCHOROCK. Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11" by 9". $3.95. HM4010

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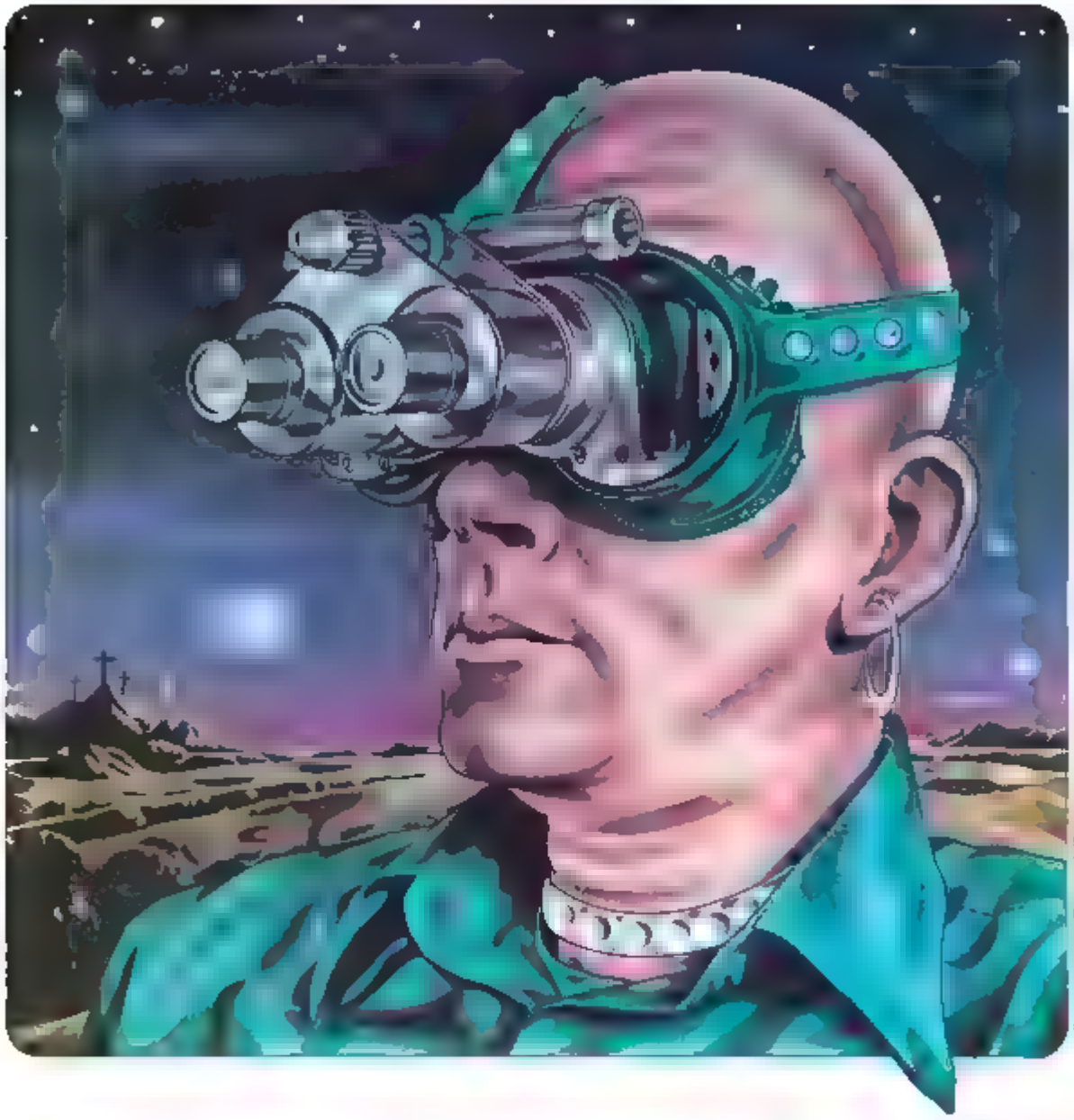


OZONE

"The cheese stands alone,
The cheese stands alone,
Hi-ho the derry-o,
The cheese stands alone."

(Old song)

The Cheese stood alone leaning against the shutter that brushed through the palms this Halloween night. Stood alone by choice by design. On purpose. If the Cheese had a great mission, a message to carry to Harry Kipper, the shaved-headed persona of everywhere hate. The Punk, a pin through his nose, kept his distance from the Cheese but held his ground. The Punk knew punks didn't care, but full of nervous piqué poked holes in the sidewalk waiting for the Cheese to move. Anything was better than this waiting, this breaking of the strength the Punk kept surging through his acid-tipped muscles.

The Cheese turned and sniffed the air. He wished he were back in Monaco, beside the lake watching the fat swans cuddle up to the breadcrested children. The California coast gave him the creeps. He wished he had a Saltine to munch but knew this was a job that had to be done on an empty stomach, with a clear mind and a boundless awareness of all the diminutive pitfalls. He glanced down his nose at the orange-crazed punk across the alley watching him picking his acne with button fingers. He cursed himself for the karmic connection they had made through the mind ways not his own. It would soon be over. That night would see the last of his strange bedfellow. That much he promised himself. That much he truly knew. He felt the low scuffling clouds head his brow with an ocean-grown dew as a skinny hippie searched the trash at the far end of the alley moaning the literature of the night-trade calling his bankbook keeping score in a cracked voice, banishing the demon-black dog that nipped at his heels, a childhood full of built-ins and bungalow-sized hope.

He stood alone at the end of Ozone Avenue, running over in the course the bald-headed Kipper kid would take on the way to see his mother. The Cheese knew like the back of his hand knew Harry would head down Main Street with his dumps walk wearing those dumb silver shoes carrying with him the awful he had collected last night at the party, smelling of smegma and wilted tuna fish patties, wiping his white, splotched hands the hands that oozed grease from the day he was hatched, wiping them on the glass and tourists as he passed the Blue Fin, past the glass shop with the blue-flushed mirrors. The Cheese knew Harry stopped there at sure at his ugly pudding puss in the cold blue neon glass. He could see the turkey now he must be shaking his whizbang at the lovely ladies scraping and bowing, smelling of tuna fish and tonic women holding the idiotic future like a dim ghost from which to guide cheer and guide him home to his hairy mother.

The Cheese crossed the alley picked up the Punk who had fallen on his flatulent face and straightened the nose-ring white brushing

ALLEY

by Richard Raxlen, Jr.

[illegible] cheeks. Gotta rocket, gotta rocket, the Punk repeated [illegible]. The Cheese kicked the cat licking his mouse [illegible] watched it sail through the air in a wry arch. He crossed the alley back to Ozone and walked down Dudley where it met Paloma. He looked left and right. No sign of Mr. Kipper yet. He flagged a passing auto and punched out the passenger window for practice. had to keep fit, to be sharp. He melted back into the nigh[illegible] square, bilious-colored form blending with the Casa Grande, a golden triplex on the corner. His pasteurized senses twitched in anticipation: that oily fish Harry would be cut bait before daybreak. Gray dawn would find itself breaking over the grisly bend form of that scaly snake, lying boned and bare in the alleycat's path.

Harry would be moving his fat-and-drippings ass slowly through the vacant lot, shuffling through the prickly weed, his leather skin impervious to pain or heat or cold. They used to call his mother Old Elephant Hide, and Harry had inherited the mutation: it was the boneyard for His Fatness, Mr. Harry Kipper himself, ov-ey. The Cheese felt for the grater in his pocket, tingled at the touch of its thousand razored edges, stood alone in the alley back of Ozone Avenue. He felt the damp wind ripple through the holes in his fedora, pasting back his silky black hair beneath the rhinestoned brim.

He looked up to where the Punk had been rocking unsteadily a moment ago. Nothing, not there: he crossed the alley and picked up the nosepan with some difficulty. his large rectangular body ripe with the decay of a million dead dreams, wrapped in the second-hand saran of smutty promises broken or unkept. Tomato-shaped women roiled before his burnished eyes: they called to him in unkempt voices, grieving their lists of woes long and puddled. He gazed at the silver-pointed ring for a long time, trying to remember who it had belonged to, he searched his memory banks, walked softly down the humid tiled corridors. He emptied the drawers in his mind but only came up with a sheet of gold, prepasted [illegible] and a thousand embossed cards that read "Punks Don't Care [illegible]" had been the Punk's then. He tossed them into a bag full of moldy open can food cans.

Where was that pudding-fish Mr. Kipper, him with the sack full of awful and the yawns of a hundred smoky, bored, lonely women. A last fling? Perhaps Harry had halted along the way for a drink at the Circle Bar and was now holding out his Captain Billie whizbang to all comers. A bloody good time was had by all, the Cheese remembered reading after the Kipper Kids had staged their last gala. The press went ga-ga over so much gore. Women swooned. Men fought tooth and nail while waiting in line for their turn at the Big Man. Charlton Heston was heard walking about in his autographed sneakers. Action. Hot and heavy. The Cheese had laughed but now he bit his lip for Harry and maybe Larry and who knows- even Mrs. Kipper had stolen Suzy Tacky and soiled her scrambled-egg brains. They had reached right into her pan with their greasy fish stick fingers and kneaded her cerebellum into mush, and had her, and had her, and had her, right where they wanted her, right where they needed her, and for Mr. Cheese, standing alone in the alley, that was enough: for Suzy Tacky had once been his, fur and all, frivolous and bare. So it was there he stood, shuddering in the dank October night, having planned the ultimate panacea, with pain, for smarmy Harry.

The Cheese remembered Suzy Tacky as she once was, his, his alone, to have and to hold. He remembered when her brain had been synchronized, before Harry and Larry Kipper had cut the connecting tissue in one of their obscene operations, using a rusty hacksaw on poor Suzy's mind, sawing at it until it were a window bar in a jail cell, thunking to gain their freedom and then their name while casting him as some lowlife guard, a flatfooted oaf with a stick and no feelings. They painted that picture on the poor girl's brain screen they followed the fat-kin, the Holiness Co. from India who was presently wrestling with his mother and cousins over the family fortunes. They did it, they *did it*. Harry mostly, he did most of the dirty work, the cutting, the sawing, the ragged job of sewing and patching after he had botched the job, quite a performance really, trying to implant a cunt with bra-ns for a more intelligent afternoon's noodling. They wrote it in the *Enquirer* and the hungry public, avid for drippings, puked. The Cheese remembered her as she was, the long words she made in their Scrabble games, her refined sentiments, her devotion, compassion, her homogenized sense of good humor, her demure legs, hard body, flaky [illegible] he grew wide in fear when he found her huddled on the boardwalk clutching the remnants of herself, shaking, her head shaved and a jagged scar from her head to her once-furry piece of fluff. It had been early in the morning and the Cheese remembered he was on his way for bagels at the deli, a considerable crowd had gathered by then: the rumpies and trashers had already been through her bag, the chickenhawks, the early morning joggers, bicycle enthusiasts, roller skaters, wharf rats, panhandlers, beach bums, backpackers, minstrels, monsters, and two men in mufti, all of them staring at once-long-ago Suzy Tacky. She had been his, he had possessed her, looked in love, they had stocked their sexual pantry with a barrelful of monkeys and had preceded from there, point. A to demolish the boundaries built together they destroyed, purified, and resurrected. Perhaps he had been too possessive, too positive in his approach: he had papered over a lot of her mistakes [illegible] liked), she couldn't whistle or hum, perhaps he had put her on a pedestal, too high, he had overreached himself in placing her there, she was only a tall blond, a mere tomato (had been, that was over now). It all ended that morning when he found her in the midst of her first madness, a crowd of the curious gathered around her former self. He had always been too possessive, the Cheese admitted to himself. He had been brought up on the farm, lonely, cold, he clung to warm patches, he loved good wine and fine conversation, a fire, the feline shadow of a woman across his bed; he loved the glow of candles and the scent of the night-blooming jasmine, the little horns of light the fog made neath the lamps on the boardwalk in summer.

Need he whip himself into a frenzy of guilt and deprecation? Was he really the villain of this too-true scenario? He caught himself, held himself steady, went to the center of his being with an ancient technique he had learned from a master's messenger. He knew what he had to do: it was the right action, spontaneous. Poor Suzy Tacky. He wondered where her pitiful shell was hanging out these days. The Punk had seen her in the parking lot of the Liquor Locker two days ago. She had been humming spare change from the tourists in between bashing herself against the fire hydrant in a series of bizarre sexual advances. The Punk, not easily displeased, had turned head over heels in his rabbit-like haste to rid himself of the scene--having once been Suzy's fellow student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, he had nurtured a finely developed sense of kinship with the former blazing-eyed beauty and it hurt not a little to see her as such: an unhinged wing flapping among the phone booths and newspaper boxes in the Liquor Locker parking lot. The Cheese felt it incumbent upon himself to keep the story of the operation Harry had performed in the empty gallery a handful of nights ago a kind of undressed rehearsal for various cities and comrades, a caper with the Kipper Kids, with the Cheese's Suzy as the cutup. he felt it incumbent upon himself to not tell the Punk of the unsuccess of the operation. Although he knew the Punk didn't care about anything, if there was anything he cared about, it was Suzy and if he found out if he discovered the Kipper Kids had [illegible] brain, rather the left half [illegible] had taken the left half and shoved it and left the right half to grope for the meaning of it all, left Suzy flailing for insertion before fire hydrants and beach boys, if the Punk found out, he might do something foolish to Harry and the Cheese wanted Harry [illegible].

The Cheese stood alone in the alley behind Ozone Avenue, hoping Harry Kipper would not be late, that he would keep his unknown date with the grater, that the Kipper Kid's fate would be signed and sealed in stainless steel. The damp ocean breeze flagged the jasmine, gathering the skirts of its night scent about the Cheese's knees, down the alley a dog strayed from can to can, splaying the contents across the dirty concrete. From the boardwalk came the low tones of a conga lament, the drums talked of lost [illegible] and a night full of long knives. The Cheese shouted a

soft, fearful reply hoping the sweat he felt blush through his hands meant that Harry was nearby He tested the salt air for the smell of ripe tuna and mouse pee Nothing. Yet he fancied he was not wrong in feeling the first fitful ripple of tightness in his gut belonged to a minute intuition that Harry was close now He moved his soft, square body up against the shadow of the garage door and stood still as a cat, coiled and cool, thinking of the ragged scar along the length of Suzy's once bountiful body

Harry studied the blackheads among the stubble that covered his fat face like crabgrass covers a swamp. He burped and farted and wiggled his false teeth loose: they were stale-smelling and green

twin Larry. He hated his brother naturally, from birth, hated the stumblebum s rush Larry made of every operation, hated the scar on his forehead where they had been joined, hated the headaches he got from hating so hard, hated his mother for holding up to him the mirror that had belonged to the surgeon-madman, his father Karl Kipper hung by his neck until dead, the murderer, the make believe doctor he hated the thick plates they used at dinner and the gritty soups and gruel his decrepit, cruel mother made him slurp Harry felt for his whiz-bang in his pocket: he was sure it was getting shorter he had taken to hanging a weight around the end of it, a fishing type of lead weight that he had bought at the tackle shop

he was not sure the weight was working – the constant jerking of it as he walked was a painful reminder of his diminishing manhood He held it softly for a moment and prayed, then flushed the john and joined the revelers and merrymakers at the bar The couples were busy pecking and cooing at one another the loners gazed off into space in front of them filled with smoke and beer ads. Harry settled his fat behind onto a stool and drank down his draft, tipped his hat to the barkeep, and kept a steady pace till he got to the door where he paused, wondering which way to go: lately he had been taking the walk along the ocean on his way home avoiding with a coward's eye Suzy's old address and the alley that the Cheese had been seen haunting lately Not that he was afraid of the Cheese with that ridiculous yellow ochre suit that he wore with those cardboard-soled shoes he wasn't afraid. he knew he was alone, he

incredibly lucky to have had that luscious, now rotten tomato, and Harry wasn't sorry either. wasn't sorry for the operation-perform

was larger and more real than life,and what he had done was in the name of art – if not Art, then at least Science but it must have been for Art's sake because after all. Harry and Larry were artists first of all and full of the life of artists. brimming to a rolling boil with the densest sense of what it all meant. cocksure. naked before breakfast and in front of large number of enjoyably shocked affluent upper-middle-class arty-farty types They loved the operations the Kipper Kids performed, they gasped to see small breasts made large and generous hearts turned to dry prunes before their very bugged eyes; it was better than "Baretta," that much they knew (you needn't have told them), and they loved what Harry had done to Suzy, went positively ga-ga over the announcement The Kipper

they didn't get the laughs they expected and accepted, the

laughed when they dragged Suzy off to the boardwalk or even smiled to think of her lapping the concrete. her tongue raw with the salt-caked footprints of a myriad of mothers pushing strollers. no smiled at the bloody hands of Harry, famous Karl Kipper's son, the Siamese brother of Larry, whom Harry hated naturally From birth, like his own self little caring, because it was all Art or Science to Harry and Harry wasn't afraid of the Cheese, who stood alone neither Art nor Science by his side in the shadows of the Casa Grande apartments, whistling softly to himself, waiting for his chance, his passion, like St Joan's, burning slowly at the stake inside him

Fat Harry turned down Main and continued to Palace where he turned toward Pacific Coast Highway Road he trundled along the glass-strewn sidewalk, scratching his stubble clawing at the rubble in his mind for a solution to a problem he didn't know existed careful to avoid the dogshit, keeping one eye out in the alleyways

the other He should have gone by the ocean, he thought to himself shifting his bag of awful from one hand to the other not that he was afraid fear was not in Harry's vocabulary nor were the words guilt or love. freshman, penguin, sanguine hockey, heriberi, relationship, personal, and a host of others starting mostly with g it was just that as he walked down Pacific that night in late October, he had a sudden realization that he felt something last Saturday when he attempted to sew Suzy Tacky back together it was a funny feeling, something like what was that word, he wondered? Something like remorse, the word named after the man who invented the code he had seen the word once, on a wall in a barroom john – no, no, that was another word! What was the word he was trying to think of? Sexy? Had he felt sexy toward that poor botched girl? It started with an s senile. no, that meant stupid old Sensitive that was the word he was looking for to describe his feeling. It was as if he wanted to kiss her, in front of all those critics they would have booed, he would have kissed her then and there but they would have panned the show. they would have torn him apart on paper saying he pandered to the lighter side of life. that he didn't take his art seriously. that he was turning to comedy for relief. God, he was tired of being a gladiator He felt suddenly misunderstood why couldn't he be sensitive too. like the other stars of the art world, making little impressions of hearts and flowers on the foreheads of the hot pollen,or singing duets with electric canaries in latex groves of pseudo-mimosa trees? He was

mark the dripping fat of a fire-scorched pig's head, tired of the blood and guts and his brother and mother egging him on holding him up, keeping him level, drugged: he was fed up with the business of impersonating his famous father's operating procedure he wasn't a doctor he was a do-gooder Why didn't understand him. Harry Kipper the kid with the cuff's-glove touch

The Cheese was now certain he smelled that rat Harry Kipper the ripper of his once-beautiful Suzy s brain from its pan. The night breeze was full of a rancid buzzing the smell of tuna fish and smegma fouled the jasmine that had been tickling the Cheese's fancy a previous few moments ago: his gut tensed, his soft, mold-encrusted arms turned to iron feeling for the steel grater in his pocket full of holes he jolted himself to a ramrod-stiff position and waited while the stench grew stronger whistling a sensitive tune full of crisp recrimination silently to his lost love

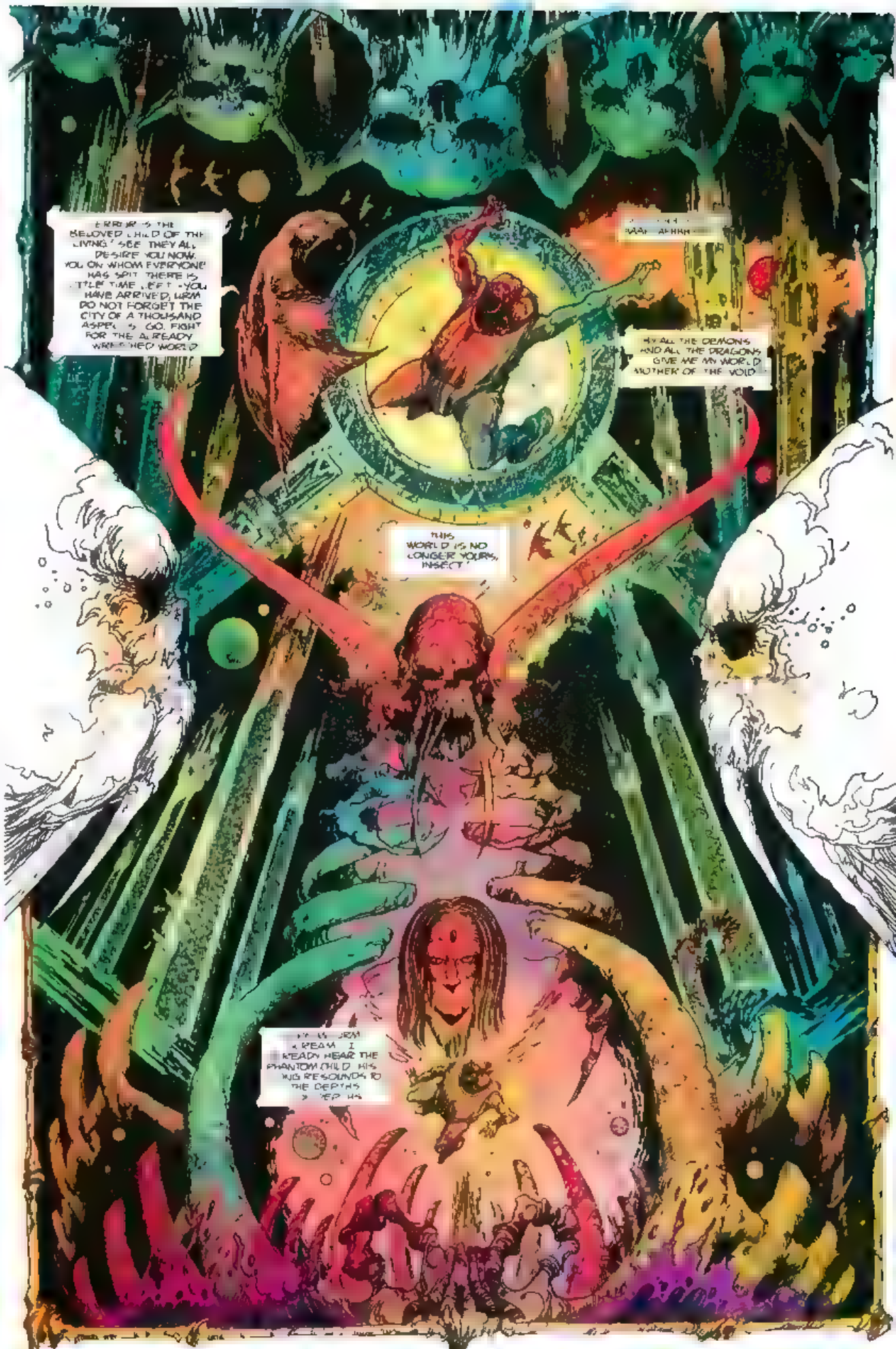
Harry Kipper continued, confident now that he had taken a turn for the better he coaxed one sloppy silver shoe in front of the other and reminisced about his resolve to best the emotional peak he had reached last week when he had felt a satin kiss come to his ordinarily cold but then compassionate purple lips – he remembered the heady feeling as he took dead,s um at sewn-anew Suzy s sateen mouth and how he had barely been able to control his hairy passion in front of all those smooth critter like creatures. The memory lent credibility to the crabbiness Harry had been feeling of late in the presence of his gritty mother and brother of late he had a certain complexion of unbridled boredom in their lowly presence a kind

fire, letting his dirty waves settle on the beard,n facsimile He knew now that it was from his small black heart, shrunken head though was that this feeling sprung.

He lapsed into gentle waves of near bliss and hit the dog shit with his left silvered foot The Cheese was on him in a flash, cutting his flesh to ribbons with the razor-sharp teeth of the stainless steel grater working in silence, whipping a vengeful fury into Harry s thick skin holding back only when the Kipper Kid lay lifeless, a pile of thin meat at his mouse-stained feet in the alley behind Ozone Avenue there was hardly enough for the trashmen to trip on, so thoughtfully had the Cheese wielded his pent-up passion. He took a last quick look at the oily scum at his feet, then melted neatly into the various shades of the now purified night, to repair to a cooler clime to sleep to rest to rise in search of the remnants of his smooth life's love He would rewind the coil of bright copper the magnet, her mind. He would no longer stand alone

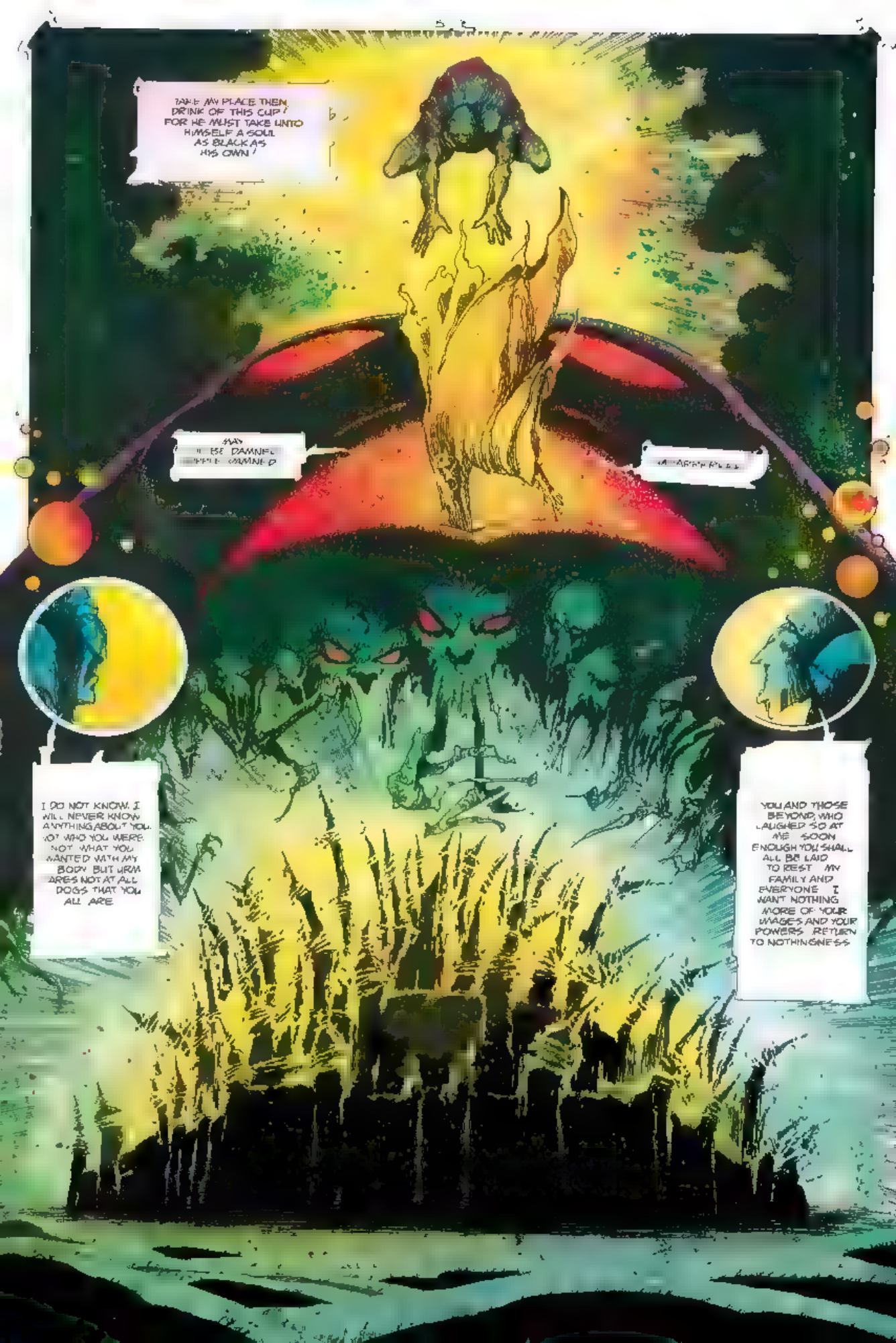
URM
THE MAD

HE BLACK C TY
IS THE DWELLING
PLACE OF THE
DEAD.
ENL YOUR E JRAD KOSA
N YOND WAN T TO NSE YOU TO
OPEN THE BOWELS OF THE
CITY THAT THE PHANTOM CHILD,
MASTER OF THE INFINITE VOID,
MIGHT RETURN AND GATHER
ABOUT HIM ALL THE WORLDS OF
OUR SPHERE WHEN HE HAS
DONE THAT HE WILL EAT YOU.
THE BLOOD OF YOUR FATHER
RUNS N YOUR VE NS HE WAS
ONE OF THEM, AND T IS THAT
WHICH ATTRAC TS THEM.
WHAT'S TO
BE DONE MY LORD
DRAGON?
OWE
WHA AN
APPALL NG
JOUR NEY

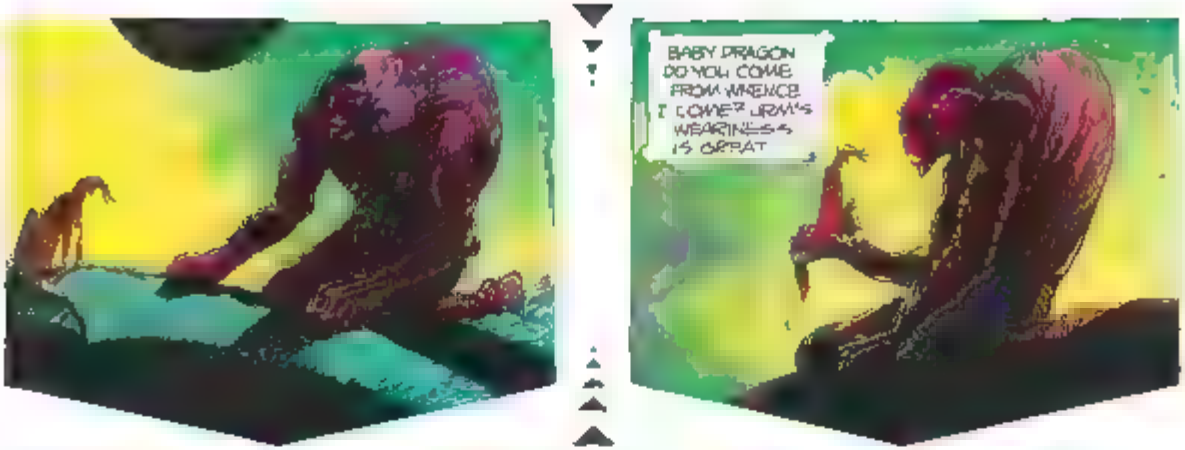

ERROR IS THE BELOVED CHILD OF THE LIVING. SEE THEY ALL DESIRE YOU NOW. YOU ON WHOM EVERYONE HAS SPIT. THERE IS LITTLE TIME LEFT. YOU HAVE ARRIVED, URM. DO NOT FORGET THE CITY OF A THOUSAND ASPECTS. GO. FIGHT FOR THE ALREADY WRETCHED WORLD
GIVE ME AN WORLD, MOTHER OF THE VOID
THIS WORLD IS NO LONGER YOURS, INSECT
I DREAM. I ALREADY HEAR THE PHANTOM CHILD. HIS CRY RESOUNDS TO THE DEPTHS

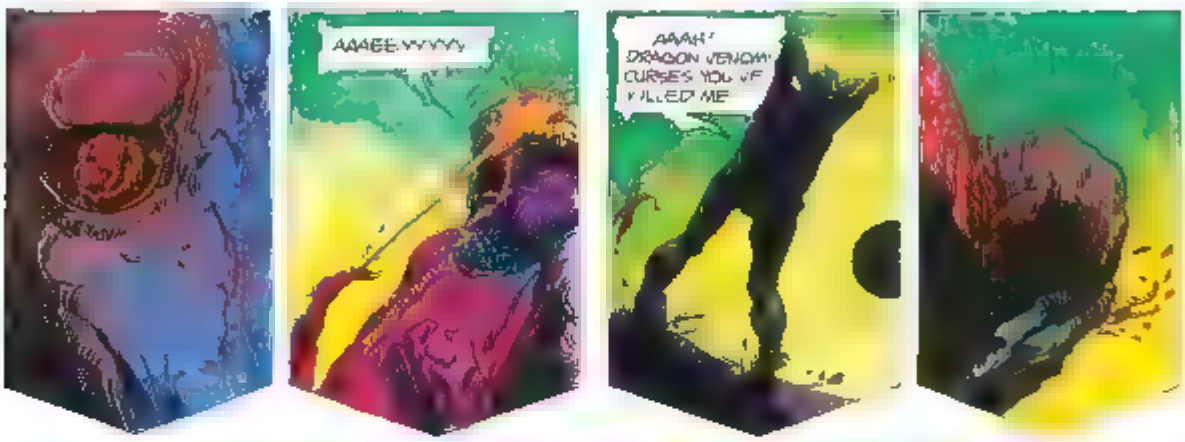
DO YOU HEAR ME HERE? OPEN AND YOU WILL LEAVE THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD
AS DESERT OF CORPSES YOU WHO PLAY WITH MEN ONE DAY WE WILL DANCE ON YOUR CARCASSES YOU CURSED GODS WE WANT YOU NO LONGER

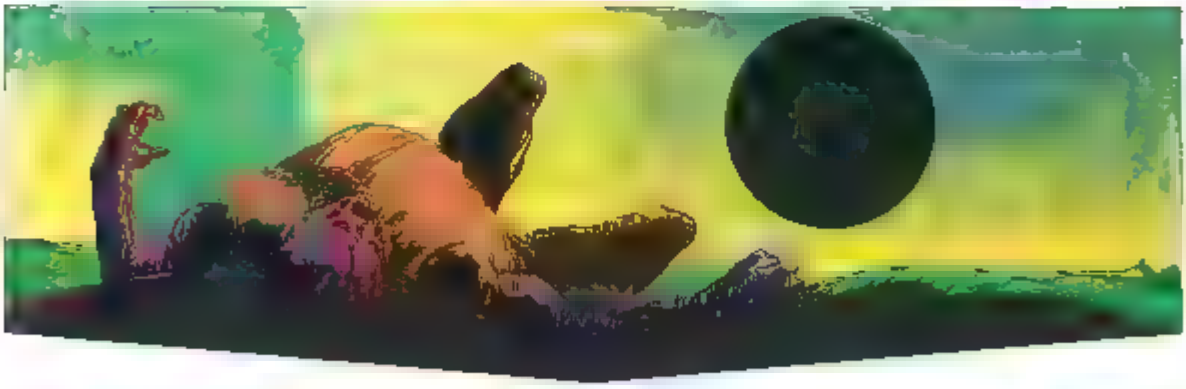
I HEAR THE DRUMS, THE SONGS, AND THE FLUTES OF THOSE BEYOND. LISTEN, URM, LISTEN TO THEIR JOYOUS CRIES.
DO NOT APPROACH ME, URM. YOU WILL COMMIT NOTHING BUT A MEANINGLESS SACRIFICE BY DOING SO, CURSED CREATURE! ATTEMPT NOTHING!
URM NO LONGER LISTENS! URM WILL KILL, AND TAKE THE CORPSE OF THE MAN WITH THE LION'S HEAD AND THROW IT INTO THE MOUTH OF THE PHANTOM CHILD! URM NO LONGER WANTS TO PLAY WITH THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES HIS MASTERS!
IT SEEMS THAT YOU ARE NOT JUST AN IMAGE, THEN! HA HA! YOU TREMBLE LIKE A LIVING MAN!

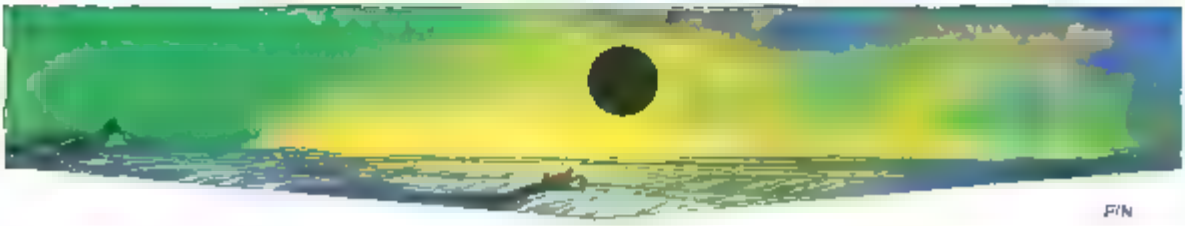

TAKE MY PLACE THEN DRINK OF THIS CUP FOR HE MUST TAKE UNTO HIMSELF A SOUL AS BLACK AS HIS OWN!
I DO NOT KNOW. I WILL NEVER KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOU. NOT WHO YOU WERE NOT WHAT YOU WANTED WITH MY BODY BUT I/RM ARES NOT AT ALL DOGS THAT YOU ALL ARE
YOU AND THOSE BEYOND WHO LAUGHED SO AT ME SOON ENOUGH YOU SHALL ALL BE LAID TO REST MY FAMILY AND EVERYONE I WANT NOTHING MORE OF YOUR IMAGES AND YOUR POWERS RETURN TO NOTHINGNESS

YOU WON THIS TIME, BUT WE SHALL RETURN. AND WE SHALL ALWAYS BE BESIDE YOU AND AROUND YOU. WE WILL WALK FOREVER IN YOUR STEPS AND WATCH OVER YOUR SHADOW, AND ONE DAY ANOTHER LIKE YOU, WILL COME AND OPEN THE DOOR FOR US. AS THE POET FORETOLD: "THERE IS NO DEATH BEYOND THE GATES ETERNAL. BUT EONS HENCE A STRANGER WILL COME, AND DEATH ITSELF SHALL DIE." FAREWELL, CRIPPLE, WE HAVE ALREADY FORGOTTEN YOUR NAME
HERE I AM IN THE DESERT AGAIN DREAMS AND MYSTERIES GONE


BABY DRAGON DO YOU COME FROM WRENCE I COMES FROM WARRINESS IS GRRAT


AAAEE-YYYY
AAAH! DRAGON VENOM CURSES YOU IF KILLED ME





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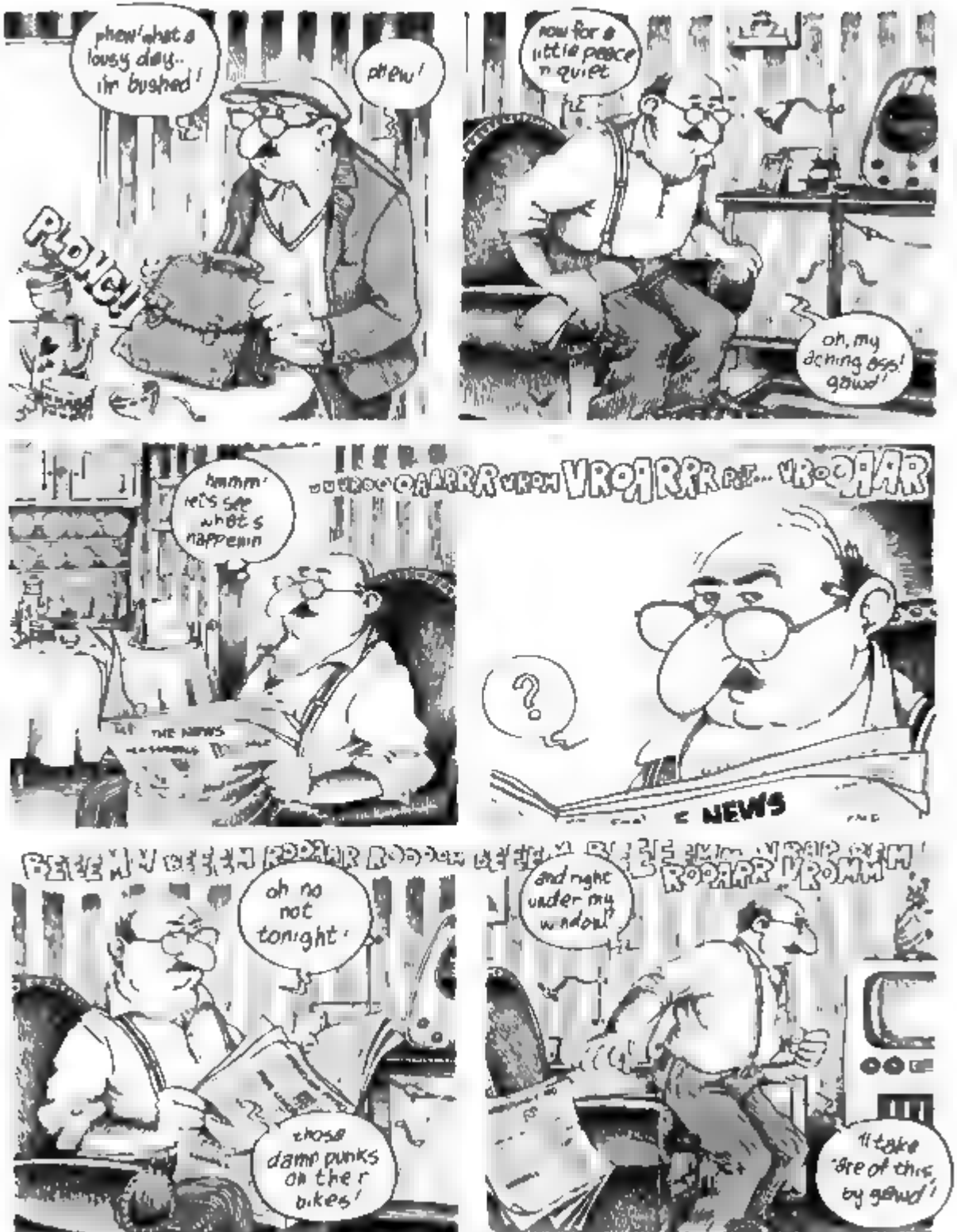
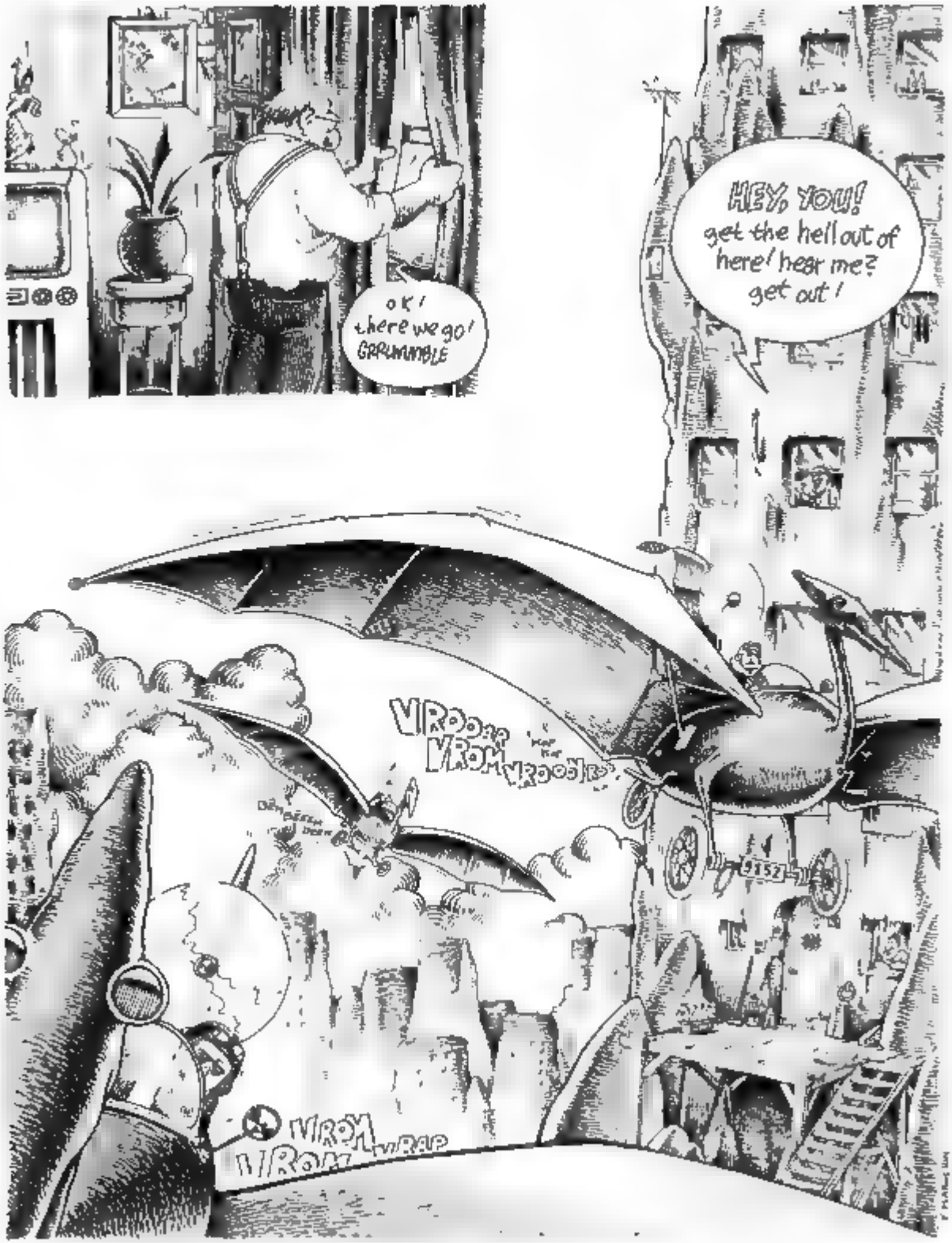

phew! what a lousy day... i'm bushed!
PLONG!
phew!
now for a little peace n quiet
oh, my aching ass! gawd!
hmmm! let's see what's happenin
THE NEWS
VROARRR
?
NEWS
oh no not tonight!
those damn punks on their bikes!
and right under my window!
I'll take care of this, by gawd!


ok! there we go! GRRUMMBLE
HEY, YOU! get the hell out of here! hear me? get out!
VROOM VROOM VROOM
VROOM VROOM VROOM

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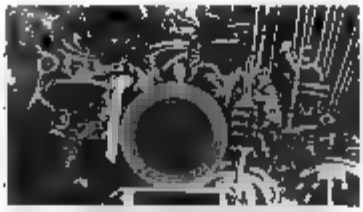

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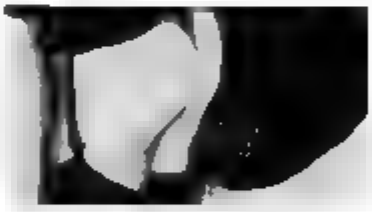

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YES, MA'AM ?
I WANT TO BUY A SMALL CLOCK SOMETHING THAT HAS CLASS, STYLE, AND ELEGANCE, AND SOMETHING THAT WORKS! AND NOTHING TOO WHIMSICAL
CERTAINLY, MA'AM HERE'S SOMETHING THE BASE IS MARBLE
TSK TSK! TOO SOPHISTICATED! ANYTHING ELSE?
YES, ACTUALLY WHAT ABOUT THIS NAPOLEON III WATER CLOCK?
NO! THIS ONE IN THE CORNER SHOW ME THIS ONE!

A VERY NICE PIECE, MA'AM IN GOOD TASTE
OH NO! IT'S INDECENT!!
THESE FIGURES ARE OF BLACK PEOPLE! THERE ARE ALREADY TOO MANY OF THEM AROUND! I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT ANY IN MY HOUSE!
WELL, IF THAT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW ME
I PUT ASIDE A UNIQUE PIECE WHICH SHOULD SUIT YOUR TASTES HOW SHALL I SAY TO A "T"! FOLLOW ME, PLEASE
WAIT, MY DEAR LADY! I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR
THE DAY THE CITY CROSSED THE THRESHOLD
TEXT LE TENDRE
ART BLANC-DUMONT

AFTER YOU!
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! PUT A LIGHT ON!
AT LAST! BUT IT'S SO HOT?!?!
MAGUMA?

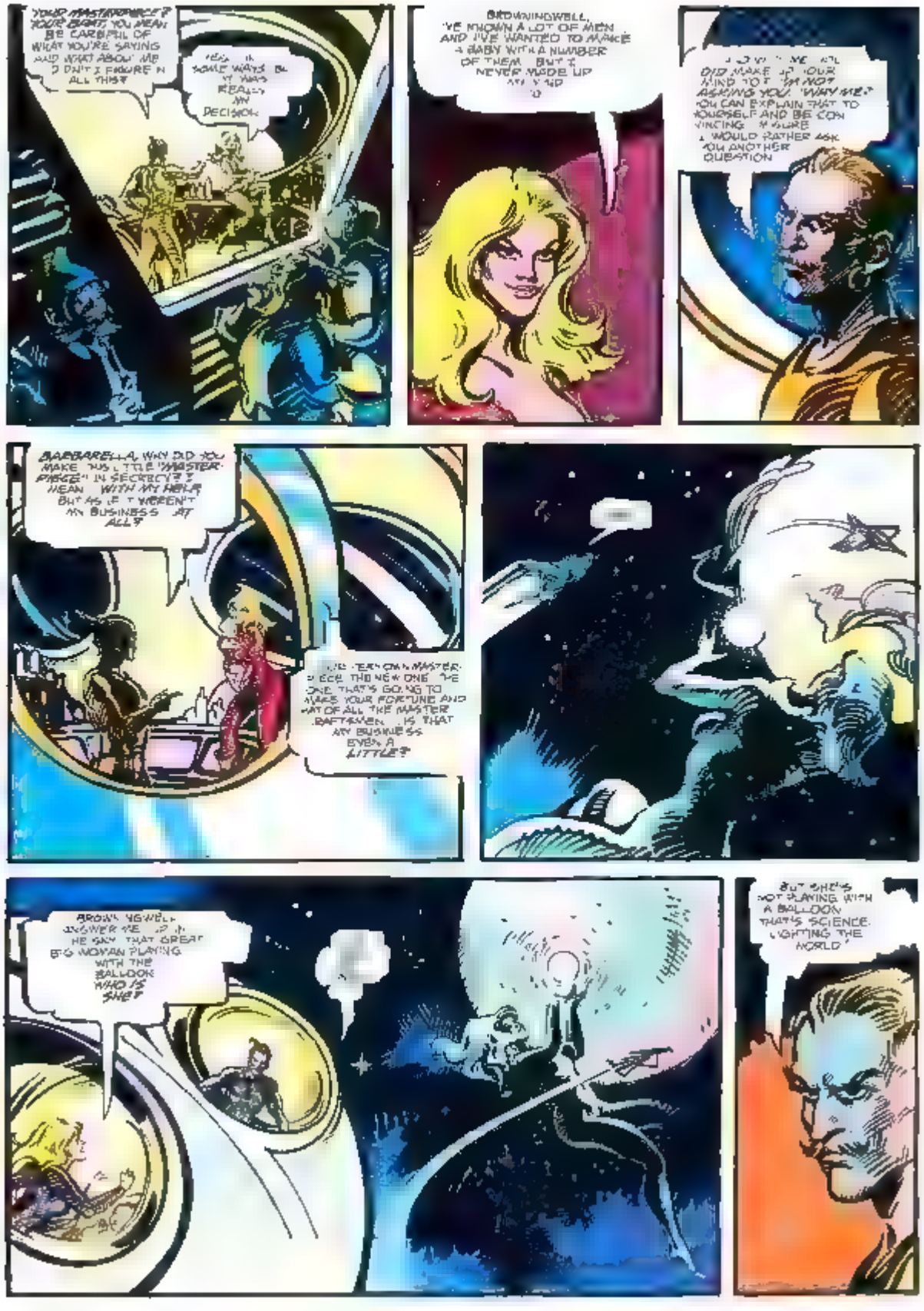
POLICE!
SO THIS IS THE KIDNAPPER!
WHERE'S SHE GONE? ANSWER ME!
WHERE IS THE WOMAN?
LISTEN TO ME, MY GOOD MAN. MORE THAN FIFTY PEOPLE HAVE DISAPPEARED IN THIS DISTRICT! AND ALL THE CLUES LEAD TO THIS PLACE! TO YOUR SHOP! SO YOU CAN GIVE UP THE INNOCENT ACT! YOU'LL CONFESS, WON'T YOU?
THIS IS GOING TO COST YOU, POP! YOU'LL GET HARD LABOR FOR LIFE FOR WHITE SLAVE TRADING!! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE THE TIME TO SPEND YOUR PROFITS!
WHERE IS SHE? WHERE DID YOU STASH HER?
THE INSPECTOR'S RIGHT! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! WOMEN ARE MOTHERS! THE MOTHER IS THE FAMILY! THE FAMILY IS THE COUNTRY! THE COUNTRY IS SACRED! SO THE WOMAN IS SACRED, TOO! NEVER FORGET IT! YOU DON'T TOUCH WOMEN!
SO! WHERE IS SHE?
THE LAST TIME I SAW HER SHE...
OPEN THAT DOOR! WHAT'RE YOU HIDING BEHIND IT?
I'M NOT HIDING ANYTHING IT'S JUST A STOREROOM
GOOD GOD, MIKE, I DON'T LIKE THIS! I SMELL A TRAP!
DON'T TRY TO RUN AWAY! YOU'RE STICKING WITH US, MISTER!
A STOREROOM FOR WHAT PRECISELY? ARMS? DRUGS? OR MAYBE WOMEN?
OH, NOTHING MUCH REALLY!

EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOU
ON YOU!
MIKE! HER HAT, HER VOICE!! SHE'S A GONER ?
DON'T MOVE! JUST GET SOME LIGHT!..
MIKE!! WHAT'S HAPPENING? HAVE I GONE CRAZY OR WHAT?
MAMICHOO! THEY'VE WOKEN UP!!
COME! IT'S TIME TO BE BURPED NOW!
NO! NOT THAT!
AAHHH!
HE'S DISAPPEARED! WHERE'S THE GODDAMN POOR?
HEY!?
NOOOOO!!
BANG
WHAT AN IMAGINATION THEY HAVE!
MOVE! COME ON, LETS GO NOW!!!

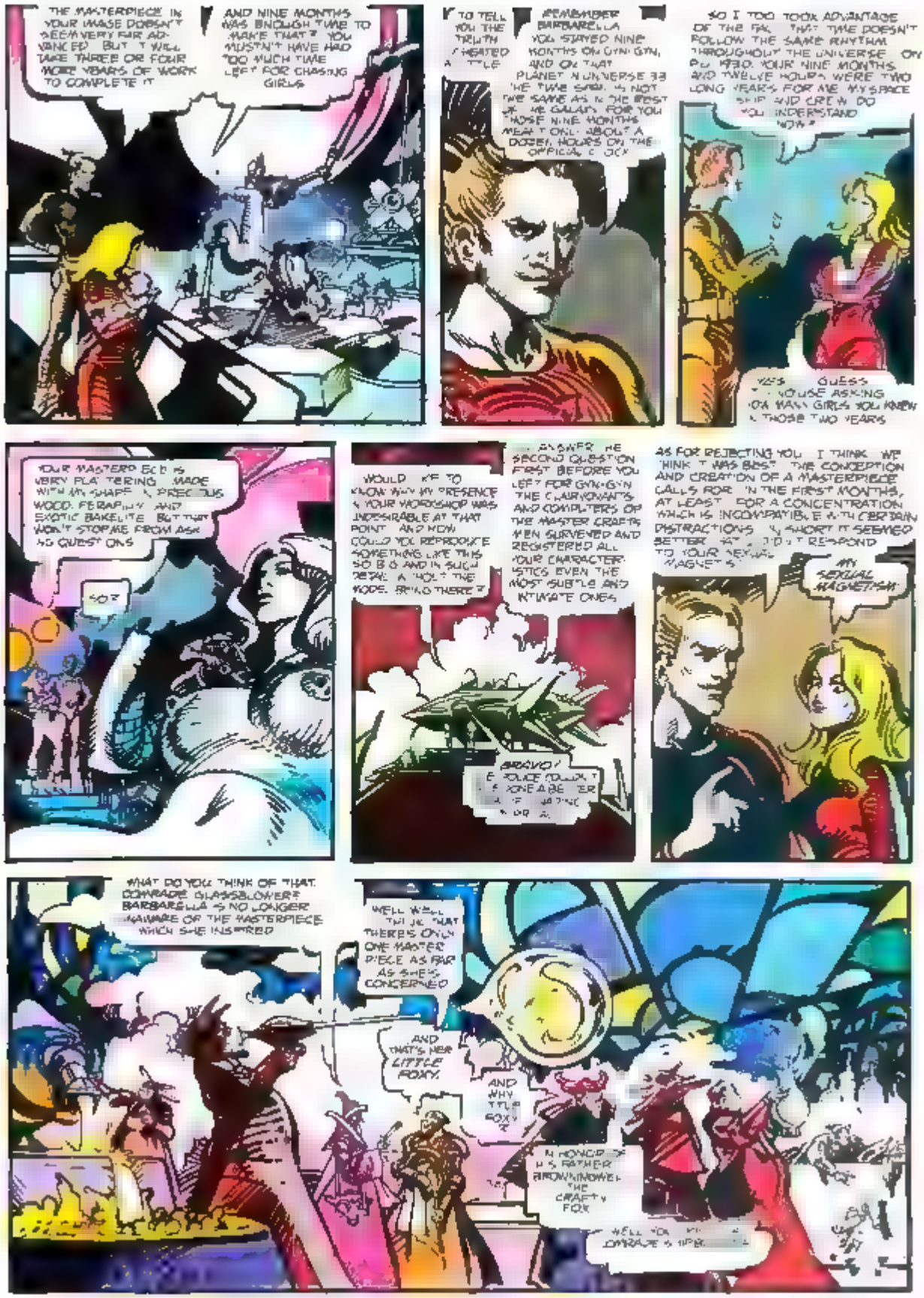
ALREADY
WHAT A CURIOUS CIVILIZATION WELL, WELL MY MISSIONS COMPLETED THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS NOW I MUST BE
OPEN UP!
HE'S KILLED THEM!
LOOK! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
STOP MURDERER!
BONG
QUICK! THE DOOR!
THE BASTARD!
SMASH DOWN THE DAMN DOOR!
CHIEF HE'S SHUT HIMSELF BEHIND THE DOOR
THE KILLER'S BEHIND IT!
THAT'S IT WE GOT Y
AND ON THAT DAY ..T WAS DREADFUL!

BARBARELLA

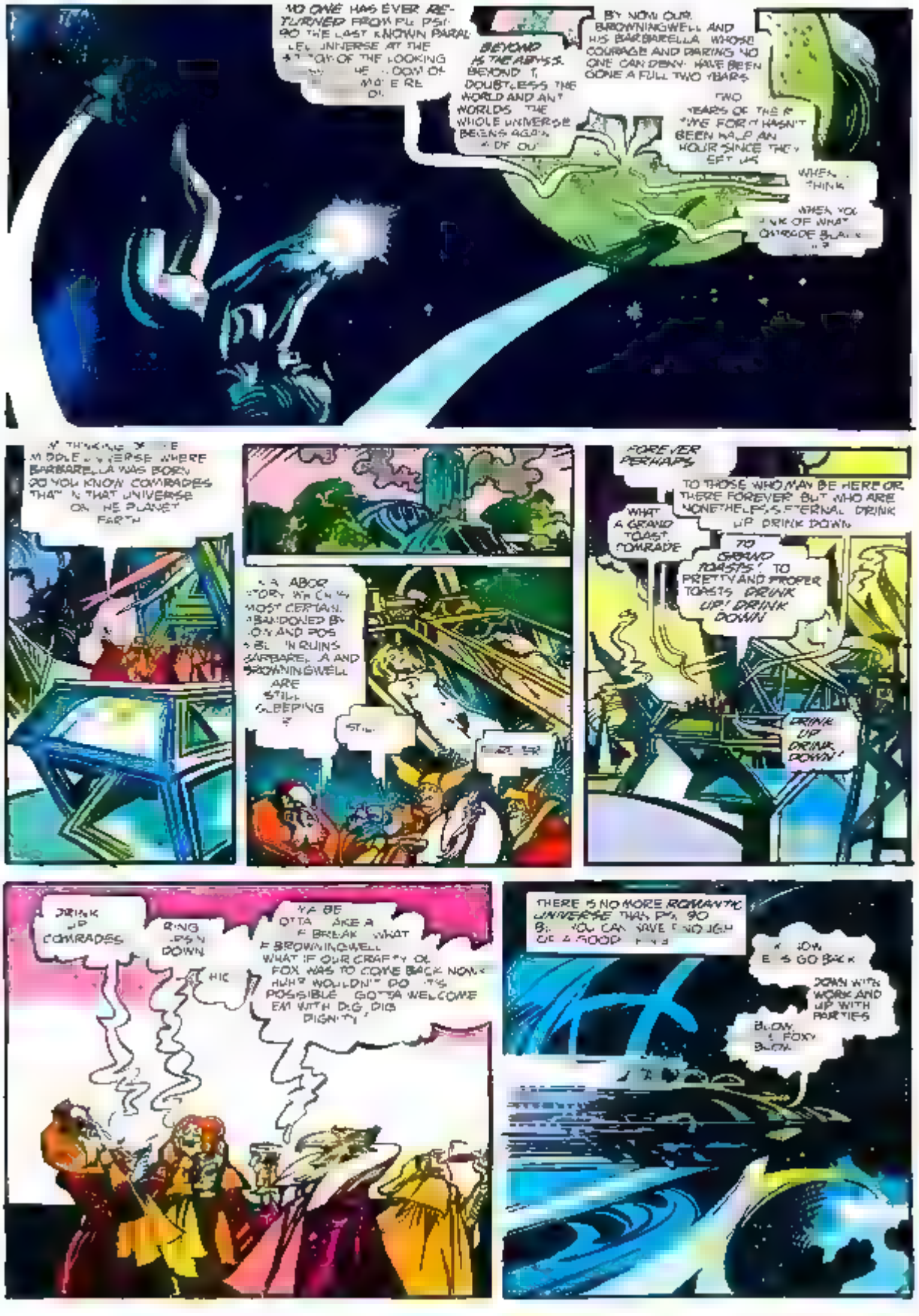
A BABY? AND WHAT A HOME HIS BABY'S HAVE I MEAN OURS
SPOKE THE LAST FEEBLE FLICKER AND CRAFTY FOX AND BARBARELLA WHO CAME FROM ANOTHER SPACE AND ANOTHER TIME
NEVER I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO
DO WHAT EVER YOU WANT I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE
BY ALL THOUSAND PLANETS IS TOO SIMPLE
BEST YOU MEAN HUH?
YES, WE MUST BE DREAMING
STOP BROWNING WELL CONVERSATION SEEMS TO ME THAT WE ARE BEING
WHAT CASE YOU'LL
DON'T KNOW BE HAVE YOU'RE SAYING, BUT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING ARE IF SOMEONE
AND WHEN OUR BACK!
WHAT WE'VE SOMEONE WITH A REPTILE'S NOT WRITING OUR DIALOGUE MAKING US ACT LIKE PUNCH AND JUDY
YES, YOU BET THE SOUL OF HOLY SNAKE HAS GOTTEN US INTO THIS SITUATION
TELL ME BROWN, WHY DID YOU LOCK ME OUT THE DOOR OF YOUR WORKSHOP? WHY ALL THE SECRECY ABOUT YOUR MASTER-PIECE? I CAN'T STAND ALL THIS MYSTERY, THIS UNDERHANDED BEHAVIOR AND SACRED SECRETS!
ALL OF THAT FOR A PIECE OF ART
QUITE ENOUGH
THE MASTERPIECE HAS YOUR WHOLE LIFE AND YOUR COMRADE'S WHOLE YES IT'S MAN'S LIFE AND FOR MEN ONLY
I MOST CAME DOWN WITH A RED FOR ULYS THE NOT YOU OF THE MARTIAN FOX AND TO KEEP SOMETHING TERRIBLE DISGUSTING FROM HAPPENING TO ME I FEARED I HAD TO
ME TOO
MY MASTERPIECE MINE
AH HE-AH HA!


YOUR MASTERPIECE? YOUR EGO? YOU MEAN BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU'RE SAYING AND WHAT ABOUT ME? DON'T I FIGURE IN ALL THIS?
YEAH, IN SOME WAYS, BUT IT WAS REALLY MY DECISION.
BROWNINGWELL, I'VE KNOWN A LOT OF MEN AND I'VE WANTED TO MAKE A BABY WITH A NUMBER OF THEM. BUT I NEVER MADE UP MY MIND TO
DID MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO? I'M NOT ASKING YOU. WHY ME? YOU CAN EXPLAIN THAT TO YOURSELF AND BE CONVINCING. I'M SURE I WOULD RATHER ASK YOU ANOTHER QUESTION
BARBARELLA, WHY DID YOU MAKE THIS LITTLE "MASTERPIECE" IN SECRECY? I MEAN, WITH MY HELP BUT AS IF IT WEREN'T MY BUSINESS AT ALL?
YES, I'LL EAT ON A MASTERPIECE. THE NEW ONE. THE ONE THAT'S GOING TO MAKE YOUR FORTUNE AND MAY OF ALL THE MASTER RAFTSMEN. IS THAT MY BUSINESS EVEN A LITTLE?
BROWNINGWELL, ANSWER ME. DO YOU HE SKY THAT GREAT BIG WOMAN PLAYING WITH THE BALLOON? WHO IS SHE?
BUT SHE'S NOT PLAYING WITH A BALLOON. THAT'S SCIENCE LIGHTING THE WORLD.

THAT'S ME? THAT GREAT BIG GIRL MADE OF WOOD? YOU'VE GOT A NERVE MAKING A THING LIKE THAT
HA HA MASTERPIECE
HOW DARE YOU MAKE THAT WITH ME ON MY BACK
WELL HOW DID WE GET INTO THIS SITUATION YOU AND I AND THE MASTERPIECES ON OUR BACKS ALL RIGHT
A CHILD BUT WHAT NAME SHALL WE GIVE HIS SEVENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD WHO'S JUST BEGUN TO LIVE
BROWNINGBEAR AND BARBWELL BOTH SOUND A LITTLE LAME LET'S CALL HIM AFTER FOXES LITTLE FOXY IS HIS NAME
OUR BROWNINGWELL GURU AND FREEDOM FIGHTER IS A COURAGEOUS CLEVER AND INSPIRED COMRADE AND CERTAINLY THE BEST WORKING CRAFTSMAN IN THE COSMOS HIS MASTERPIECE IS GOING TO GIVE US A REAL CHANCE TO GET THE BETTER OF OUR ADVERSARIES BUT I MUST SAY
YOU MUST SAY THAT HE'S A NAIVE SIMPLETON WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE
WHILE HE WAS WORKING ON THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE UNIVERSE SOMEONE WAS ON HER BACK WITH A VIEW TO MAKING THE SEVENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD
HMMM THERE'S SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THE APPEARING THE INCOMPARABLE IN ANY CASE THE SITUATION IS RIDICULOUS
EVIDENTLY BROWNINGWELL IS SO SENTIMENTAL THAT HE COULDN'T HIDE THE FACT FROM HER THAT HIS NEW MASTERPIECE WAS MADE IN HER IMAGE ANYWAY SHE COULDN'T HELP BUT SEE IT FOR HERSELF ON ARRIVING ON WILLIAM IX ORBITING AS IT IS AROUND THE PLANET
BUT THEN TO OPEN THE DOORS OF HIS WORKSHOP TO HER
A SECRET SO FANTASTIC CONFIDED TO THE EYES OF THAT CREATURE
THAT CRAB IS MY NEW WORKSHOP THAT'S WHERE YOU WERE CONCEIVED PUT TOGETHER PIECE BY PIECE AND ASSEMBLED BEFORE BEING REPRODUCED IN SPACE THANKS TO THE TRANSMOBOS TRANSFER PRINCIPLE


THE MASTERPIECE IN YOUR IMAGE DOESN'T SEEM VERY FAR ADVANCED BUT I WILL TAKE THREE OR FOUR MORE YEARS OF WORK TO COMPLETE IT
AND NINE MONTHS WAS ENOUGH TIME TO MAKE THAT? YOU MUSTN'T HAVE HAD TOO MUCH TIME LEFT FOR CHASING GIRLS
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH I HESITATED A LITTLE
REMEMBER BARBARELLA YOU STAYED NINE MONTHS ON GYNGYN, AND ON THAT PLANET IN UNIVERSE 33 THE TIME SYSTEM IS NOT THE SAME AS IN THE REST OF THE GALAXY FOR YOU THOSE NINE MONTHS MEANT ONLY ABOUT A DOZEN HOURS ON THE OFFICIAL CLOCK
SO I TOO TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE FACT THAT TIME DOESN'T FOLLOW THE SAME RHYTHM THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE ON PAGE 430. YOUR NINE MONTHS AND TWELVE HOURS WERE TWO LONG YEARS FOR ME. MY SPACE SHIP AND CREW DO YOU UNDERSTAND NOW?
YES I GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE ASKING YOU HARD QUESTIONS
YOUR MASTERPIECE IS VERY FLATTERING MADE WITH MY SHAPE PRECIOUS WOOD, FERAPLUV AND EXOTIC BAKELITE BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME FROM ASKING NO QUESTIONS
SO?
WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW MY PRESENCE IN YOUR WORKSHOP WAS INDESIRABLE AT THAT POINT AND HOW COULD YOU REPRODUCE SOMETHING LIKE THIS SO BIG AND IN SUCH DETAIL WITHOUT THE MODEL BEING THERE?
ANSWER THE SECOND QUESTION FIRST BEFORE YOU LEFT FOR GYNGYN THE CLAIRVOYANTS AND COMPUTERS OF THE MASTER CRAFTS MEN SURVEYED AND REGISTERED ALL YOUR CHARACTERISTICS EVEN THE MOST SUBTLE AND INTIMATE ONES
BRAVO! POLICE FOUGHT [illegible]
AS FOR REJECTING YOU I THINK WE THINK IT WAS BEST THE CONCEPTION AND CREATION OF A MASTERPIECE CALLS FOR IN THE FIRST MONTHS, AT LEAST FOR A CONCENTRATION WHICH IS INCOMPATIBLE WITH CERTAIN DISTRACTIONS IN SHORT IT SEEMED BETTER NOT TO RESPOND TO YOUR SEXUAL MAGNETISM
MY SEXUAL MAGNETISM
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, COMRADE GLASSBLOWER? BARBARELLA IS NO LONGER AWARE OF THE MASTERPIECE WHICH SHE INSPIRED
WELL WELL SO HE THINKS THERE'S ONLY ONE MASTERPIECE AS FAR AS SHE'S CONCERNED
AND THAT'S HER LITTLE FOXY
AND WHY TITLE FOXY?
IN HONOR OF HIS FATHER BROWNINGWEL THE CRAFTY FOX
WELL YOU [illegible] COMRADE [illegible]

THE FLOATING EXCHANGE IS MEETING IMMEDIATELY. COMRADE CARPENTER THE MEETING IS STRICTED AND SECRET BUT YOU ARE ASKED TO ATTEND
YES WELL COMRADE GOD
BROWNINGWELL, WE HAVE SOME DISTURBING NEWS FROM THE SEVENTIETH UNIVERSE. YOUR ADVERSARY, NEWIL LEVEL, IS MUCH FURTHER ADVANCED THAN WE REALIZED DOUBTLESS. HE HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF SOME NEW TECHNICAL DEVELOPMENT OR SOME KIND OF TRICKERY ANYWAY, THE RESULT IS THAT T WILL TAKE HIM LESS THAN FOUR MONTHS TO FINISH HIS MASTERPIECE AND DECLARE OFFICIALLY READY AND THE SUPERIOR COUNSEL OF THE GREAT ARCHITECT WILL CERTAINLY BE COMPELLED TO ACKNOWLEDGE T
HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO COMPLETE YOUR MASTERPIECE COMRADE CARPENTER ?
FOUR YEARS
FOUR YEARS AGAINST FOUR MONTHS THE GAME IS LOST COMRADES GOOD BYE TO THE EIGHTEEN PLANETS OF THE SYSTEM
NO
WHY NOT?
TONIGHT THE WORK-SHOP SPACESHIP WILL LEAVE WILLIAM IV AND THIS IN VERSE
BAH I WON'T BE ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SPEND SEVERAL WEEKS IN UNIVERSE 1930 TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THAT LOST ME
WELL WELL EXPLAIN TO US COMRADE WHAT
AS FAR AS I KNOW NEWIL LEVEL IS USING THE SAME METHOD HE DOESN'T HAVE A SPACESHIP LIKE BROWNING-WELL'S WHICH CAN EVOLVE ACROSS THE PARALLEL UNIVERSES, BUT IS POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO MAKE THE DIFFICULT PIECES OF HIS MASTERPIECE IN ANOTHER WORLD WHERE TIME PASSES LIKE LIGHTNING CONFORCED TO OURS
RE IGHT NG DO YOU KNOW P L SU 90 ?
THE SAME EVENING.
BROWNINGWELL IS A FOOL AND HIS WOMAN'S NOT WORTH MUCH EITHER THEY HAVE LITTLE CHANCE OF RETURNING AND WE POOR CHILDREN OF THE COSMOS HAVE LITTLE HOPE OF ACQUIRING THE 18 PLANETS OF THE SYSTEM BUT A FABULOUS ADVENTURE IS BEGINNING LET US SALUTE OUR COMRADE
BROWNINGWELL DOES MANAGE TO PENETRATE THE IMPENETRABLE IF P L 2000 OPENS ITS DOORS TO HIM IF THE GREAT KEYHOLE ALLOWS ITSELF TO BE PICKED IF THE GREAT HANDE DOESN'T JAM AND THE SWINGING DOORS DON'T SHUT AGAIN WITH RAGE AND IF THE AUDACITY OF THE CARPENTER DOESN'T PROVOKE A GREAT COSMIC DRAFT THEN OUR CRAFTY FOX WILL FINISH HIS MASTERPIECE IN LESS THAN AN HOUR BY OUR CLOCK
LET US ALL STAND, THEN, AND DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF OUR VIP.
RIGHT FRIEND. OUR COMRADE CARPENTER. DRINK UP! DRINK DOWN!


NO ONE HAS EVER RE-TURNED FROM PLANET PSI-QO THE LAST KNOWN PARAL-LEL UNIVERSE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LOOKING
BEYOND IS THE ABYSS. BEYOND IT DOUBTLESS THE WORLD AND ANT WORLDS THE WHOLE UNIVERSE BEGINS AGAIN
BY NOW OUR BROWNINGWELL AND HIS BARBARELLA WHOSE COURAGE AND DARING NO ONE CAN DENY HAVE BEEN GONE A FULL TWO YEARS
TWO YEARS OF THEIR TIME FORTY HASN'T BEEN HALF AN HOUR SINCE THEY LEFT US
WHEN I THINK
WHEN YOU THINK OF WHAT COMRADE BLAKE
IN THINKING OF THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE WHERE BARBARELLA WAS BORN DO YOU KNOW COMRADES THAT IN THAT UNIVERSE ON THE PLANET EARTH
A SAD STORY WE CAN BE MOST CERTAIN. ABANDONED BY DON AND POSSIBLE IN RUINS BARBARELLA AND BROWNINGWELL ARE STILL SLEEPING
ST...
...ZZ ZZZ
FOREVER PERHAPS
TO THOSE WHO MAY BE HERE OR THERE FOREVER BUT WHO ARE NONETHELESS ETERNAL DRINK UP DRINK DOWN
WHAT A GRAND TOAST COMRADE
TO GRAND TOASTS! TO PRETTY AND PROPER TOASTS DRINK UP! DRINK DOWN
DRINK UP DRINK DOWN!
DRINK UP COMRADES
RING ROSY DOWN
HIC
YA BE OTTA TAKE A LITTLE BREAK WHAT IF BROWNINGWELL WHAT IF OUR CRAFTY OL FOX WAS TO COME BACK NOW HE WOULDN'T DO IT'S POSSIBLE GOTTA WELCOME EM WITH DIG DIG DIGNITY
THERE IS NO MORE ROMANTIC UNIVERSE THAN PSI QO SO YOU CAN HAVE ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING
DON BE GO BACK
DOWN WITH WORK AND UP WITH PARTIES
BLOW FOXY BLOW

GENTLY, BROWN-INSWELL / DON'T EAT THE LITTLE FOX UP UNTIL HE'S HAD SOME OF HIS CAKE
I'LL EAT WHAT I WANT WHENEVER I WANT
DADDY I LIKE IT WHEN YOU EAT ME ALL UP
ATTENTION ARRIVING ON WILLIAM IV IN #3 MINUTES
HEY LOOK!
MURR-Y!
DRINK UP
DEAR SIRS HERE I AM. AND MY MASTER PIECE IS COMPLETE
AND PRAISE THE CHILDREN OF THE CO S.
SMOSSS
DRINK UP

MOMENTARILY, BROWNINGWELL WILL TRANSFER THE MISSING ELEMENTS OF HIS MASTERPIECE INTO SPACE. AND WE WILL SEE ABOVE US IN THE SKY OF WILLIAM IV THE PERFECTION OF THE SYMBOL OF SCIENCE LIGHTING THE WORLD. THE RAYS OF HER 'LANTERN' WILL APPEAR TO US AS ANOTHER SUN.
THAT BARBARELLA SATELLITE WILL BE THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE UNIVERSE
THE EIGHTH OR THE SEVENTH ?
THE EIGHTH COMRADE THE EIGHTH FOR WAIT LET ME COUN
READY COMRADES ?
HARRY, CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING ?
OF COURSE, MAAM !
DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. I MEAN ME AS A KIND OF MOON CIRCLING WILLIAM IV ?
CERTAINLY, MAAM. IT'S SO REAL-ISTIC !
ME TOO WANNA ASK SOME PIN
'ES POKY
WHY IS IT YOU WHO'S THE MOON-PERSON AND NOT DADDY ?
SSSCHTRAC!
CRATCHSSS

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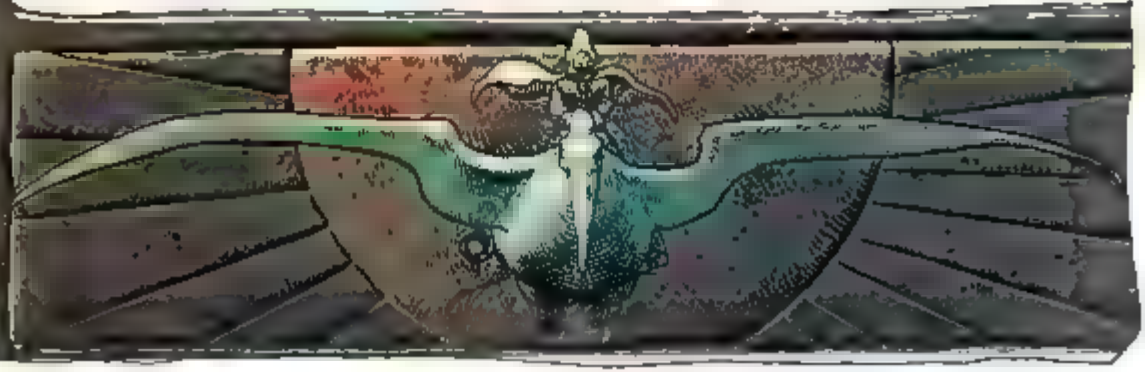

1996

YER ...YER NOT ...?
POR-DO REEG-EN!
WUDZ RONGWIDAD?
NOW I GED ID!
EYEDU NEVER GEZD YER ZO
?
WELL, I MENE YER FAZE YER HARE CULLER YER SKIN
HOODA THOD
YA SO WUDZU PRAWLUM ?
JHH WELL I KAND MAYG UZAVL UNER EEZ GUNDUNZ
!
?
LIZUN, EYEM RILLY SORRY BUDA ROOLZA ROOL JEEZ, YUMUZDU SEENID UBINA LOBBY YU MUZDU SEEN D
WUD ROOL ?
"THIZ ZEGZ-UN REZERVD PER WIDE MERUCUNZ ZONELY!"
!
BUD THADZ...
THADZ ID RILLY, EYEM SORRY
!

BUD 'DZ STILL OGAY! THER ZUNUTHER PARG FER UMMM MEYNORIDEEZ 'DZ INN ZJBAYZMEND ON LEV'L FIVDEE
?
WYOOWANNA I GAN TAGEYL'DUTHU ZAYLZGURL INAD SEGIUN
MMM NO HAVDU THING- ABOWD ID THEY BERZUNULIZED TO?
BEG BARDUN ?
ARRA REGGZ ONA 'DEEYUTH LEVIL BERZUNAL ZED?
O SHUR' BUD UMM I MEENU ZAY KINNA WORG WE DEWONNA BREZENDAY- JUNZ NODDA ZAYM I MEEN NODDA ZAKLY NO WUDDEYE MEEN
?
?
NO!
HUH ?
NO! DON UNERSTAN !
UH, WELL UMM SEE UH SIZZDEM UV BREEZERVIN NONWIDE MERIGUNZ KINNA DIVRUND THER NOD EMBOMD
?
YAH UH WOOD KOZD DOO MUDJ ANYWAYZ THERA BUNUA DOBZ'
!

AN THER INZEYEDZ GODDA VANDUULI LAGGIN LONGER
WEEV AGJULEE NODIZD THERZ FYOOER SAYLZ INNA IMMIGRUND BEGJUN BUD STILL AYAWL LAGG LONGER ANAY DOOUB HEER
ANYWAYZ
JEEBER KOZDUTHU OBERAZJUN MEENZ WEEGUN PUD ALOD MOR BEEBUL INEEDZ GAR MAYGEZID LIG ALOD LIG REEL EREEDAY LYVE

FUGIN SHAYM!
MMM...YUNO, MIZDER, TH WERGZ DUN BY REEL BERVEJUNULZ, UNER UBEZD GUNDIJUNZ... YUD HARLEE NODIZU DIVRENZ
I THINGIDZ KYNA NEED, WEER TRYNA INNUGRAYD RAYZJUL MYNORDEEZ INNA ARDIZDIG ZBEEREEYENZ
IDZA KYNA JEZDJER, KYNA GENRUZ SPEERDED, IVYU NO WUDEYE MEEN...
I GAN TAGYU POWNAYR...
NO THANGZ, EYEM NOD INEREZDED
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WERDS AND
EYEM DEL-LINYU YOODON UNERSTAN...
OGAY OGAY!
LEEME LONE!

I ALUZ SED THEYAWDA PUDDAD ROOL LIBBINNA LOBBY WARE BEEBUL KUD REED ID BEDDER... ANY-WAYZ, ODDA BEEYANIN-ZBEGDER ADDA DOR...
TUFF STAYIN KOOL WIDAWL EEZ CHIKS AROWN !
BUNJA DOBZ, AY! JEEZ, WENZ-AWLIZ SHID GUNNA END...
BELEPAV

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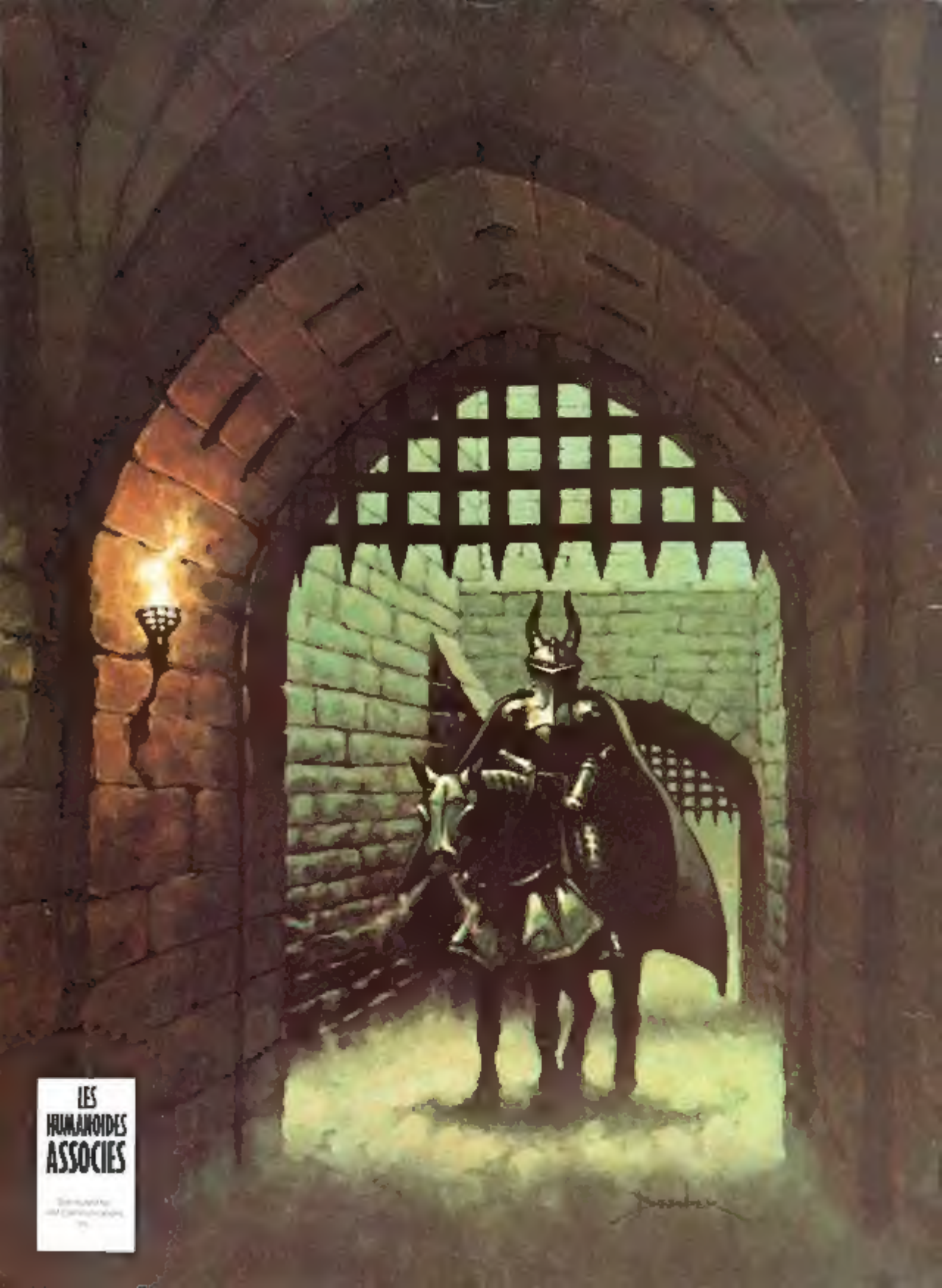
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